People vs. Food, by Robert R.R. Brooks

Saturday Review

September 5, 1970 50¢

the orbiting junkyard

by David R. Hager

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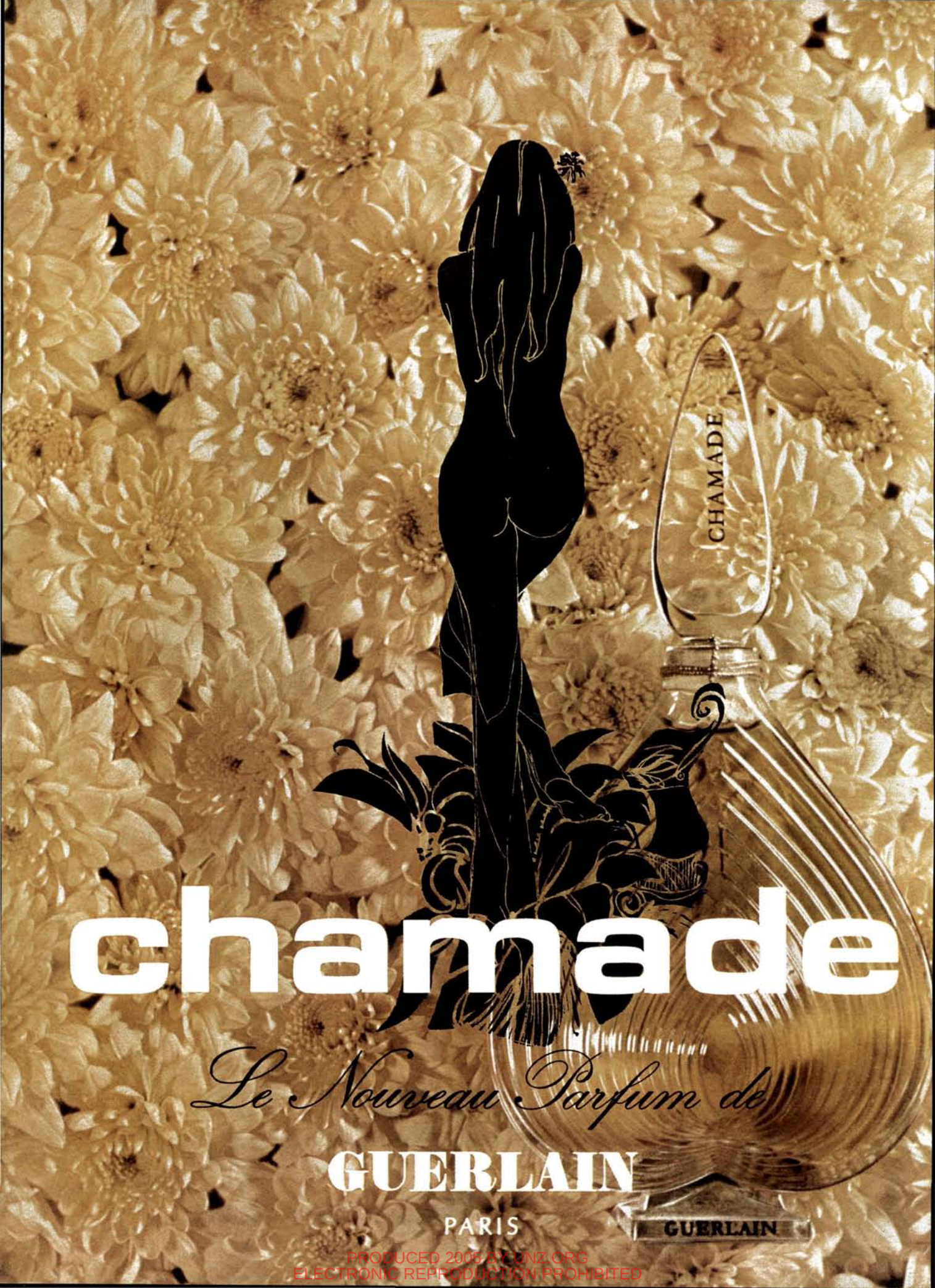

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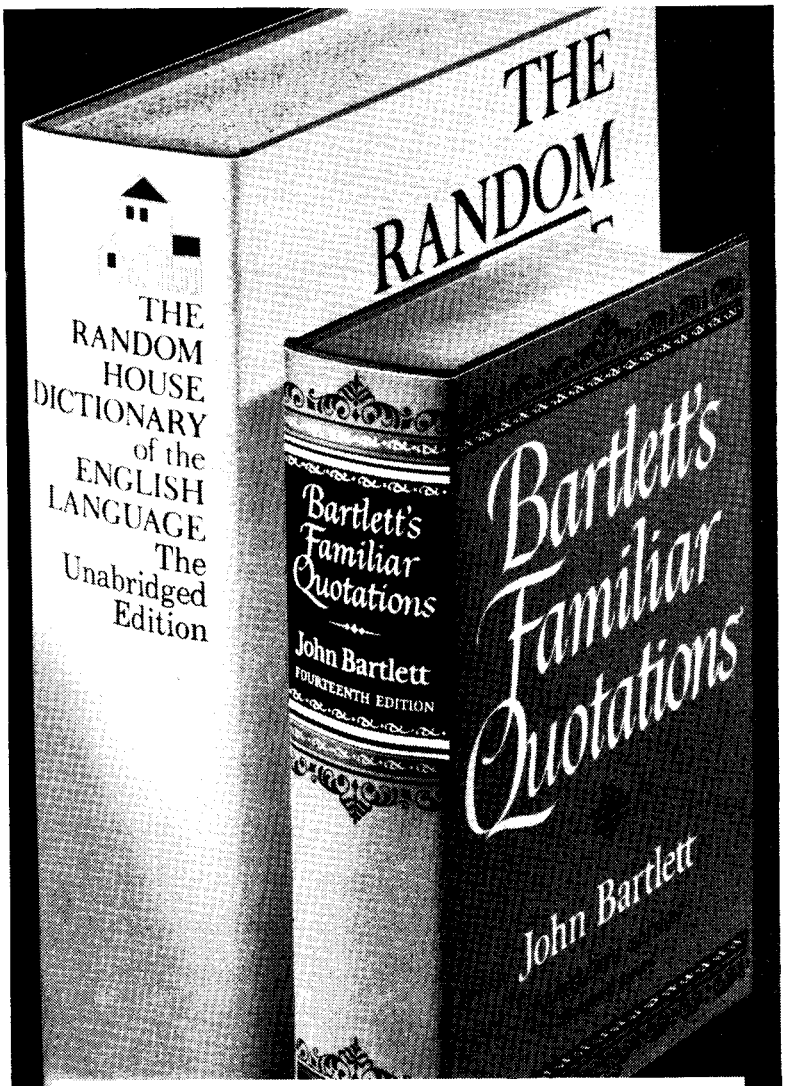

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September 5, 1970

Saturday Review

Cover story, page 44

The Orbiting Junkyard

by David R. Hager

Cover design: Irving Spellens

IDEAS

10 People vs. Food by Robert R. R. Brooks

14 An Innocent in Birdland by Leo Rosten

EDITORIAL

16 Illiteracy, Woman's Worldwide Burden by Richard L. Tobin

BOOKS

19 Labor's Days of Travail and Triumph by Ben B. Seligman, an essay review of four books on American trade unions

19 Index of Books Reviewed

22 Book Forum: Letters from Readers

23 European Literary Scene by Robert J. Clements

ENVIRONMENT

44 The Orbiting Junkyard by David R. Hager

47 Danger of Cancer in Food by Jean Carper

THE ARTS

THEATER

18 Henry Hewes previews New York City's 1970-71 season.

MOVIES

35 Arthur Knight reviews "Pound" and "Joe."

FINE ARTS

36 Katharine Kuh relates an artist to his patrons.

MUSIC

42 Irving Kolodin: New Menu at the Bowl; Jazz in Brubecksville

TRAVEL

38 Horace Sutton circumambulates Cape Cod.

COLUMNS

3 Goodman Ace: Top of My Head

4 Martin Levin: Phoenix Nest

6 Cleveland Amory: Trade Winds

34 Robert Lewis Shayon: TV-Radio

17 Letters to the Editor

GAMES

15 Your Literary I.Q.

32 Literary Crypt

41 Wit Twister

62 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1900

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

The Best Things in Life Cost Money

IT'S UNFAIR. Every time our President goes on TV to promise our citizens something, some member of the loyal opposition comes crawling out of the woodwork to demand the networks give him free and equal time to make some other promises. If this prevails, TV will soon become known as "The Promised Land."

The exalted office of President of the United States deserves all the free time needed by our leader to explain his new policies, which somehow lately seem to need a lot of explaining.

But a Senator or a Congressman can't just call up a network and say: "Hey, I happened to hear the President last night, and I'd like to have a half hour of free time to give my point of view."

"Free!" the network executive replies. "Are you kidding? What do you think TV is—air? Why don't you just write a letter to the editor of the *Times* instead?"

One Wednesday some weeks ago, President Nixon addressed the nation on all three networks at 12 o'clock noon. When the Senators asked for free and equal time, the networks gave the Senators the same noon hour the following Wednesday. Unless you're President, that's not exactly equal time, if you go by ratings. And in TV that's all they go by. One man's 12 o'clock noon is another man's 12 o'clock midnight.

The best time to get a large audience on TV is any night between the hours of 8 and 11 o'clock, EDT. This is known as prime time, because it primes the pump of the money flow into the networks' cash registers.

Prime-time programs are locked in for the season, bought and paid for. The networks will "pre-empt" a regularly scheduled program for you only if you happen to be a Special or the President. A voice announces: "*Gomer Pyle* will not be seen this evening so we may bring you the following special address by the President of the United States." Of course, this alienates the *Gomer Pyle* fans—but *c'est la TV*.

There is, however, one other way you can get prime-time exposure. That's if you happen to be a commercial. Which brings us, finally, to my solution of this political "equal time" squabble. Forget the "free." This plan takes a little money, but it's worth it.

Instead of being hidden away at the noon hour, or placed opposite the Thursday night movie, a Senator or Congressman could become a sponsor of one of the popular, highly rated evening programs. A one-minute commercial on, say, *Gomer Pyle* would not only reach twenty or thirty million viewers but would also avoid alienating *Gomer Pyle* fans.

Ordinarily, the networks by this time already would have sold out all their prize prime-time spots to sponsors for next season. But beginning January 1, all commercials advertising cigarettes will, by law, be eliminated from TV. Which is good, like a cigarette should. To replace this vast, lost, cigarette income, the networks will be looking frantically for other sponsors to cough up all that loot.

What a waste of film footage that's going to be—all those handsomely produced commercials, with their singing and dancing cigarettes, their glamorous careers lying snuffed out in that last great ashtray in the sky. But the films can be revived and become the background for the loyal opposition to advertise its disloyalty to the administration's policies.

For instance—the lush, bucolic setting of Salem cigarettes, with its accompanying music. What a spot for a Senator to plug his dissent! Can't you hear the song? "You can take Mansfield out of the country—but you can't take the country out of Mansfield."

Or the rolling hills and meadows of the rugged West, with a cowboy on a horse corralling a desegregated herd of cattle. He pauses, and we go to a close shot of him under his ten-gallon hat as he drawls, "Come to Maddox country."

Or a Senator up for re-election saying at a press conference (as one actually did recently): "I think going into Cambodia has esculated the war." And one of the newsmen says: "You mean 'escalated,' don't you?" And the Senator sings: "What do you want, good grammar or good war?"

Or a whistling Congressman campaigning for votes as he briskly walks over hill and dale, through brush and rills, finally settling down, putting his feet up, and showing a hole in his shoe as he says: "I'd walk a mile to vote for a man like me." It worked for Adlai Stevenson.

Of course there's a catch to politicians' using cigarette songs and slogans to air their opposition on television. The networks may insist on a disclaimer to appear on the screen as a candidate makes his pitch. "Caution: This man may be hazardous to your health."

"Form a royal study commission and find out why I'm not having any fun."

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Navajo BIRD TALES

FRANC JOHNSON NEWCOMB

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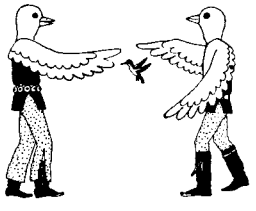
"Hummingbird Earns Many Colors." —Illustrated by Na-Ton-Sa-Ka, Navajo Ceremonial Arts Museum, Santa Fe.



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City Flies

City flies are fewer
than country flies you've known
but are bigger and are shrewd
They attack you when you're nude
They are greener and/or bluer
and they never work alone
for they have important friends
in the sewer

Flying sinkers, flying sliders,
though the target's slow and fat
you have swung, he is not smitten
You have missed
While your lobe is being bitten
you will find you broke your wrist
with your shoe
City flies are the survivors
of encounters such as this,
each a battle-tough guerrilla
fed on chocolate and vanilla
won from bring-em-back-alivers
such as you

—ALAN VAN DINE.

Press Conference

NOWADAYS anybody can hold a press conference and a surprising number of people do call one on the slightest provocation. I read only last week that a man who had slipped on a banana peel in Forty-second Street near Vanderbilt Avenue held a sidewalk press conference after passersby helped him to his feet. There was a slight delay, of course, while he went into the Yale Club to freshen up and prepare his notes after telephoning the Associated Press and United Press International.

It used to be that a press conference required a public hall, a hotel suite, the board room of a business or professional concern or some such place. Press conferences today are held in the street—in front of tenements, at the back of garbage trucks, at subway entrances, at the river end of condemned piers, at bridge and tunnel approaches, on large traffic safety islands and ferryboats.

Very little experience, or no experience at all, is necessary for a press conference. A small kid falls in a playground sandbox or crashes from a swing or a slide. When his screams subside and his mother stops cursing the Parks Department, she consults with other women who have been brooding over the futility of their lives, and they decide on a press conference.

This type usually calls *The New York Times*, which has been obliged to enlarge its huge staff of reporters to cope with the increasing number of press conferences held every day in all parts of the city.

The subject of a press conference may be anything. In the case of the man who slipped on the banana peel the questions ranged far and involved air pollution, street cleaning, crowded subways, the rudeness of the public, and the financial difficulties of the Penn Central Railroad and the Long Island Rail Road. The price of shoes and women's styles came in for some smart questioning.

Press conferences generally are better controlled, but I gathered from the one held outside the Yale Club that various laymen, including taxicab drivers, threw some questions. It began quietly when the reporters and the television and radio newsmen had assembled and the cameras were set up.

The man who had slipped on the banana peel had recovered the peel and, as is usual in such cases, held it aloft for the photographers, who kept up their customary cries to turn this way and that way and hold the peel a little higher and show us where you landed when you fell and was this the first time you slipped on a banana peel. A reporter from *The Wall Street Journal* wanted to know why the man hadn't seen the banana peel. The man patiently explained.

"I got off my train in Grand Central," he began. Someone asked if the train was on time. "Two minutes late," said the man and went on. "As I went up

the ramp to Forty-second Street a hippie in bare feet kicked my ankle as he tried to pass. I limped to the street, and as my ankle still hurt I walked with my bad foot on the sidewalk and my good foot in the gutter. In this way I thought I'd ease the pain. I just didn't see the banana peel."

There were more questions and answers about hippies, and someone dropped the name of Shoeless Joe Jackson and the 1919 Chicago Black Sox baseball scandal. Railroad travel and the congestion at Kennedy Airport were touched on lightly. A traffic cop

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showed up and told the crowd to move on. "This is a press conference, Officer," said the man who had slipped and held up the banana peel by way of explanation.

The cop nodded politely and began turning pedestrians aside to keep the way clear. After some time the television men drifted away, the reporters left, and the man who had been interviewed threw the peel into the gutter and limped back to the Yale Club.

It's simply beyond belief how the press conference has grown.

—JOHN FERRIS.

How to Stay Alive

SOMETHING SEEMS to be lacking in the education of modern children. They are not being taught the simplest rules for survival.

My fifth-grade teacher was a bright, friendly lady who was always ready to discuss matters of relevance. And what the fifth grade considered relevant was how to stay alive. That's how I happened to acquire the following practical information:

1) If you are lost in the desert, staggering blindly under the broiling sun and dying of thirst, cut open a cactus with your jackknife and drink the juice. It tastes terrible, but it will keep you alive until somebody finds you, if anyone ever does.

2) If you are on a sinking ship, and all the lifeboats and life preservers have been given out, grab a plank and hang on to that, as it will keep you afloat. (If there are no planks, float on your back. You have to learn how to do this, but it's sort of fun and well worth while.)

3) If you are sinking in quicksand, throw your coat out and lie on it. If you struggle, you will only sink faster.

4) If you are bitten by a poisonous snake, take a knife and cut across the bite. Then suck the poison out. Don't swallow it; that won't help.

5) If you are caught in a forest fire, look for the nearest stream or river and get into it.

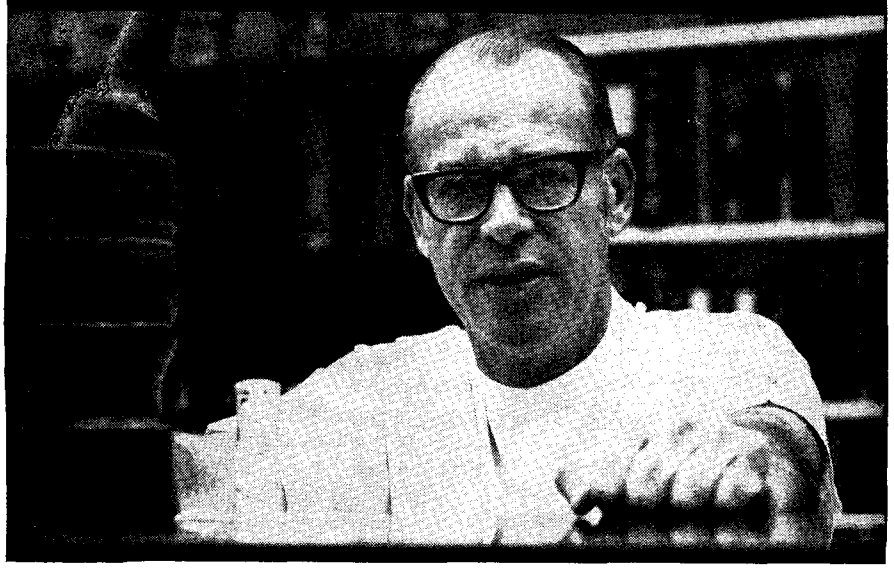
6) If you are lost in the woods and don't have a compass, remember that moss grows on the north side of trees, mostly. Also, learn to find the polestar. When you know which direction is north, the others just sort of fall into place. If you don't know which way is out, at least don't walk in circles.

7) If you meet a bear in the woods, be polite. Step aside and let him go by first. Don't make sassy remarks. (This rule also applies to lions, tigers, and boa constrictors.)

By scrupulous observance of these few rules, which work very well indeed, I have remained alive. Thanks, Teach!

—MILDRED CAESAR KWIATKOWSKI.

"You get more value for your dollar in prescription drugs today than ever before...



but try to tell someone."

A pharmacist talks about the price of medicines and the price of health care.

Ask my customers about the prices of prescriptions and they'll usually say "they keep going up!"

True, after many years of a downward trend, the drug price index has gone up. But the rise is a modest one compared to the overall cost of health care and the sharp upswing in consumer prices. In the past year, the price index for prescriptions rose 1.7% . . . while the cost of living was climbing 6.0%.

The average family spends a little more than one-half cent of its consumer dollar on prescription drugs. Less than a dime out of every medical care dollar goes for these health-giving medicines . . . a smaller percentage than a family spent 10 years ago.

The average prescription today costs $3.68*. For this, the purchaser gets products that are more effective than those available a decade ago. Six out of ten of the most often prescribed drugs were not even available then. These new medicines give the doctor more potent weapons. More ailments are being controlled. Patients get out of the hospital sooner (or stay out altogether). And this can mean a sizeable savings in the family's health care budget.

As a professional, I know that drug industry competition . . . in price, research, quality, new products and service . . . has meant continued increases in the value my customers receive.

Another point of view . . . Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association, 1155 15th St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005

*American Druggist Survey, 1969

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Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

Invitation of the Week—sent to us by not one but two Californians, Mrs. Richard Hall of Laguna Nigel and W. Bodle of Glendale:

> You Are Cordially Invited
> To a Testimonial Dinner
> Honoring the
> Honorable Kenneth Cory
> Member of the Assembly
> California State Legislature
> at the Anaheim Convention Center
> Garden Grove Room
>
> Donation one hundred dollars per person
> Roquefort Dressing 25¢ Extra

One blue plate special coming up, we advised, but hold the mayo. Anyway, Barbara Brown of Watsonville, California, found a more reasonable item in the Wanted column of the *Register-Pajaronian*:

> TV's wanted for training.
> Pay $2.50

"I'd pay more than that," she says, 'to have my TV trained."

We liked also two news items. The first, from Carl Hanson of Bedford, Massachusetts, from the Boston *Globe*, was about a cruise ship accident:

> Passengers in several lifeboats
> sank to pass the time. . . .

No one, apparently, for shuffleboard. In any case, the second item, from A. C. Odell, Jr., of Ypsilanti, Michigan, in the Ann Arbor *News*, was about an airplane mishap:

> After the plane failed to gain
> enough altitude, the three
> passengers got out.

When the going gets tough, remember, the tough get going. Meanwhile, lest readers feel we are slighting *SR* in this space, Norah Price de Salinas of Stonington, Maine, sent us, also from *SR*:

> **VERMONT LAND** circa Lake Champlain, skiing, God.

Well, we say, there goes the neighborhood.

Published in February with an advance of only 900 copies, Erich Segal's *Love Story* has been for many weeks the country's No. 1 fiction best seller. Meanwhile, high on the nonfiction list is Nancy Milford's *Zelda*. If that too should make No. 1, an editor will, for the first time in the memory of woman—for girl she is—have the two top best sellers. Almost equally remarkably, both authors give her much credit. "She's the one who did it," says Segal of his slim book. "She took everything extra out."

Her name is Gene Young and she edits at Harper & Row. The beautiful daughter of a Nationalist Chinese diplomat, she has lived all over the world and has been to ten schools. She got her job right out of Wellesley, even though she couldn't type or do shorthand. "These days," she says, "I wouldn't hire a girl who doesn't have typing or shorthand.

Married to an aeronautical engineer, Mrs. Young was, in her first job, secretary to Evan Thomas, now editor of W. W. Norton. "Evan kept going up," she said, "and soon I was a secretary who had a secretary. But Evan got so far up that he got to be vice president and didn't have any books. So I said I wanted to be on my own. My first book was *The Negro Revolt* by Louis Lomax. I still love it."

Mrs. Young has no children. "I think of my books as children," she says. "You think of them as more yours when there is trouble. When Erich first talked to me about his idea for a novel, I thought it was too corny for words. But one thing came out of our first meeting. We decided to kill off the heroine in the first sentence.

"The next time I heard from Erich was two weeks later. 'I'm still working on the first paragraph,' he said."

Mrs. Young is modest. "I didn't do a thing," she said. "I don't think editors should write a word. I don't even try to tell authors what they should write. I just ask questions. If something isn't clear to me, I ask about it. Then if the author wants to, he can make it clearer. Erich didn't want to cut because he felt the book would be too thin. All I did was convince him it would be all right—it would still be 130 pages.

"It takes a peculiar kind of temperament to be a writer, you know. And an editor has to understand what it's like for an author to sit at a typewriter day after day on a project which nobody else can even see. You have to remember it's the most important thing in their lives—more even with some authors *than* their lives—and you have to help them keep their faith in it. I'm really lucky. I have a husband who doesn't read anything. It helps me keep in balance.

"Editors are very limited," Mrs. Young continued, "limited by what they know, by what they've read, by what has been successful. I was lucky to be brought up by Cass Canfield. Cass really puts you through some testing before he trusts you with a manuscript. I can remember Cass saying we can all recognize quality, but it's much harder to recognize what will sell. Evan Thomas once told me something, too. That is that you can do only one thing at a time and that every writer deserves your undivided attention.

"I don't have any dicta," Mrs. Young continued. "Jack Fisher, though, was full of them. I can remember him saying that brown jackets don't sell, that readers aren't interested in dead people or foreigners. But I also remember that he said what you should look for most in a writer is energy. Erich has terrific energy. He runs every day. He ran in the Boston Marathon. Nancy Milford has a full-time teaching career as well as being a wife and mother. She had two children while she wrote *Zelda*. She likes to say the first time I sent her yellow roses, but when the second child came all she got was a polite little note. When I first met her she was a twenty-three-year-old, dewy-eyed thing married to the vice president of Book Press. She had just done her master's on Zelda. And, although I remember it was rather bitty and piecy, I thought she could do a book. I did suggest, though, because of the confusion with Nancy Mitford, that she call herself Nancy Winston Milford. But she refused. 'I'm not a three-name lady,' she said.

"But," Mrs. Young added, "she's already gotten one of Nancy Mitford's royalty checks.

"There are two things that really appeal to me about book publishing," Mrs. Young concluded. "One is that it's the last outpost of free enterprise. The other is that it's such a terrific gamble. And the old Chinese, you know," Mrs. Young said, smiling scrutably, "are great gamblers."

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1899)

(Joseph) Durso:

AMAZING: (The) MIRACLE OF THE METS

"It was a colossal thing that they did," said Gil Hodges, as the Mets poured champagne and danced with Pearl Bailey in their chaotic, vibrating, carpeted clubhouse. "These young men showed that you can realize the most impossible dream of all."

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The painting that made a marriage legal

Not one person in a thousand suspects the real meaning of this famous double portrait by Jan van Eyck. Actually, it portrays a wedding, and all the fascinating details are symbolic references to the sacrament of marriage.

As John Canaday points out in the first portfolio of the Metropolitan Museum Seminars in Art, the little dog symbolizes faithfulness; the discarded sandals, humility; and the single candle, the presence of God. Above the mirror, which signifies purity, is an inscription meaning, "Jan van Eyck was here, 1434," written in script proper to a document. For the painting really is a document: a painted marriage certificate!

If you had come across this painting in a museum, would you have understood what the artist was trying to tell you? Or would you have missed the hidden meanings?

A surprising number of otherwise cultivated persons have a blind spot so far as painting is concerned. Visiting a museum, they stand before a respected work of art and see nothing but its surface aspects. It was to help such persons that New York's Metropolitan Museum and John Canaday, art critic of *The New York Times*, created the Seminars in Art, a unique program of assisted self-education in art appreciation.

Each seminar comes in the form of a handsome portfolio, the core of which is a lecture devoted to one aspect of painting. Each is illustrated with many black-and-white pictures and contains twelve large separate full-color reproductions of notable paintings. As you compare these masterpieces side by side, Mr. Canaday's lectures clarify their basic differences and similarities, and so reveal what to look for in any painting.

Soon paintings will be more than just "good" or "bad" to you. You will be able to talk knowledgeably and form your own educated opinion when you visit a gallery or museum. And parents will find themselves sharing their understanding with their children, thereby providing a foundation for a lifelong interest in art.

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You can study the first seminar by mailing the card facing this page to the Book-of-the-Month Club, which administers the program for the Museum. You will receive the first of the twelve portfolios, *What Is a Painting?*, for a two-week trial examination. Subsequent portfolios, sent at the rate of one a month, are devoted to realism, expressionism, abstraction, composition, painting techniques, and the role of the artist as social critic and visionary.

If you choose not to continue, simply return the portfolio and your subscription will be canceled. There is no further obligation. But if you are convinced of the program's worth, you pay only $3.75, plus a small charge to cover mailing and handling expense, for this and for each of the remaining portfolios you accept.

Metropolitan Museum of Art Seminars in the Home

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People Versus Food

The prospects for feeding a world population of seven billion in the year 2000 are not hopeless—provided the developing countries change some priorities and the affluent world furnishes proper assistance.

by ROBERT R. R. BROOKS

During the next thirty years, the population of the earth will probably double. Of the six-and-a-half to seven billion people alive in 2000 A.D., less than one-sixth will be in countries now regarded as "developed." The other five-sixths—or more—will be in countries now described as "less developed."

The developed non-Communist countries have food surpluses and, even with present technology and easily available resources, can readily keep up with their probable population growth and even reverse the current destruction of the environment. Food for the rest of humanity, however, is already deficient both in quantity and quality. Hundreds of millions in Latin America, Africa, and Asia suffer from malnutrition. What will happen when the population of these continents is more than twice as large?

There is little immediate hope of escape from the growth of population in the less developed countries. Within the last forty years, death rates have fallen sharply. Better water supplies, improved sewage disposal, disinfectants, pesticides, antitoxins, and antibiotics have combined to reduce death rates from forty or fifty to ten or twenty per thousand per year. Additional reductions in death rates in most of the less developed countries lie immediately ahead. Since a large part of the decrease in death rates results from reduced infant and child mortality, the result—for several decades—is to lower the average age of population. This reduces still further the death rate simply because most of the population is too young to die of old age.

But the drop in infant mortality also increases the birth rate, because the proportion of women of child-bearing age is at least temporarily increased. In this context, "temporarily" means for about twenty-five years. There is a strong possibility that this increase in the proportion of fertile women may offset the best efforts of birth-control programs in the less developed countries for many years ahead.

With a falling death rate and a constant or rising birth rate, it is not unrealistic to predict that population *growth* rates will rise from 2 per cent or 2.5 per cent per annum to 3 per cent or more.

Per capita food consumption in almost all the tropical and subtropical countries of the world is well below the necessary minimum in crude caloric intake, and especially in protein. This applies to the *average* caloric and protein intake. For the millions of people below the average, the prospect is grim—unless the growth in total food production approaches a consistent 5 per cent per year for several decades with a much higher rate of growth in the *plant protein* component.

I have emphasized the phrase plant protein. No less developed country in the foreseeable future can afford to meet its mass protein requirements from animals. Except for small minorities in the upper-income groups, the principal reliance will have to be upon such high-protein plants as soybeans, ground nuts, and lentils—and the chemical fortification of cereal grains. This is because the food, or food-bearing land used to raise an animal to be eaten, provides only 12 per cent to 25 per cent of the calories that could be obtained if the food or food-bearing land were used for direct human consumption. The losses are greatest in the case of beef (about 88 per cent) and least in the case of milk and eggs (about 70 per cent). They occur because calories are dissipated in energy radiated from the bird or mammal while it is maturing to lay eggs, give milk, or be eaten.

So the high hopes of a decade ago are diminished to the grim question: Can five-sixths of mankind feed itself in the year 2000? The answer to this question can be undertaken at five different levels: first, technology; second, capital and foreign exchange requirements; third, politics and development strategy; fourth, world resources; and finally, man's total environment.

From a strictly technical viewpoint there now seems to be little question but that the world could adequately feed, if it has to, a population of six-and-a-half to seven billion by the year 2000.

During the past twenty years, advances in genetics and botany have produced one of the great revolutions in human history, comparable with the use of fire for cooking and the development of pottery. Plant biologists can now play upon plant genes almost as purposefully as a composer plays upon an organ. By combining short, thick-stemmed, heavy-headed, disease-resistant, short-season plants with controlled applications of water, fertilizer, and pesticides, crop yields can be two to three times greater than under traditional methods.

The potential gains in crop production from the new methods are so great that even modest margins between prices and costs produce farm profits attractive enough to offset the risks; overcome traditional inertia; attract savings out of hiding; absorb rural labor surpluses in labor-intensive farming; and even slow the flow of people from country to city. The demonstration effect of high gains from the new seeds and new methods in spreading their adoption is greater than any amount of exhortation by farm extension officers. But it is one thing to produce these spectacular results on a few farms where all the conditions are favorable. It is quite

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another task to universalize the revolution.

One major technical problem standing in the way of spreading the new technology is that it can be used, for the most part, only on land that can be irrigated. In many countries, this sets severe limits. These limits can be extended, however, by diking, the construction of ponds to hold runoff, digging shallow wells, drilling of deep wells, reducing evaporation by chemically increasing the surface tension of reservoirs, and the use of small power pumps for both low-lift and deep-well situations. Moreover, there is already progress and there will be more in adapting part of the new technology to dry farming areas by the selective breeding of food plants requiring little water.

Even the problem of meeting the protein requirements for the brain tissue of the new generations of children is technically soluble partly by increasing the acreage of existing high-protein plants, by breeding plants with a higher protein content, and by increasing the solubility of proteins in traditional cereals by treating them with amino acids during the milling process. There is also a somewhat more remote prospect of deriving technically unlimited supplies of edible protein by using petroleum or solid wastes as a food for single-cell bacteria that are as satisfactory nutritionally, if not esthetically, as meat or milk.

The real problems in meeting the less developed world's food requirements for the next three decades are not technical.

On the farm itself the capital requirements for applying the new technology are very modest. They consist of short-term credits for carrying the cost of inputs: seed, fertilizer, pesticides, and fuel, from planting to harvesting; and intermediate credit for pumps, small motors, and well-digging or drilling. Given the very high ratio of labor to land in most of the less developed countries, there is no need and no economic justification for heavy machinery. Human labor and bullocks can and should supply most of the power required on all but the large farms in labor-shortage areas.

The provision of credit to meet these requirements needs only the organization of genuine credit institutions, preferably both public and private, to mobilize the local savings generated by higher rural productivity.

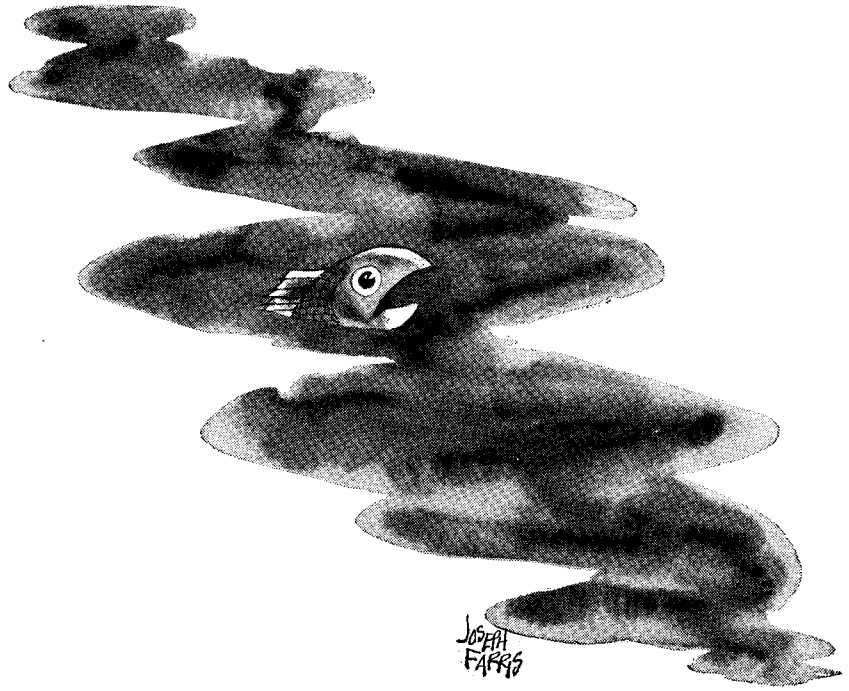
Behind and beyond the farm, the capital requirements increase somewhat. Starting with home milling and processing, the need for specialized and mechanical sorting, cleaning, crushing, milling, fortifying, and packaging gradually evolves. But this process is and should be so gradual that domestic savings in almost all less developed countries could easily suffice.

On the input side of the farm, however, the capital requirements are sudden and large. For fertilizer and pesticides, big investments are required, first, in imports of fertilizer and chemicals, then, in production equipment and the components of fertilizer, and, finally, in the development of domestic sources of the components. Petroleum, or natural gas, or coking gas; sulfur; phosphate and potassium; mining, processing, and transportation equipment; chemical plants; and distribution systems are all indispensable if the agricultural revolution is to be spread beyond demonstration plots.

No less developed country can meet all of these needs from domestic sources. All such countries are, in greater or less degree, dependent upon imports. The problem thus shifts from that of meeting domestic capital needs to that of meeting current and capital foreign exchange requirements. Part of the foreign exchange costs can be met by export earnings, especially if indisputable first priority is given to agricultural inputs in allocating foreign exchange earned by exports. Part can and should be met by private foreign investment in the production of farm inputs and the processing of farm products. Some of the less developed countries are fortunate enough to have petroleum or scarce minerals, and can readily generate export earnings and attract private investment. But in at least half of the developing world outside of China, neither the presently projected growth of exports nor the trend of private foreign investment is likely to provide foreign exchange sufficient to support a 5 per cent annual growth in agricultural output.

It is at this point that foreign economic assistance in the form of long-term loans to sustain potential agricultural growth will make the critical marginal difference between the possible and the impossible.

Looking back over the past two development decades reveals a remark-



"I struck oil."

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able array of misdirected attitudes and efforts both in the developed and underdeveloped countries. At both ends of the relationship there has been a gross waste of economic resources for military assistance and short-run political purposes. There has been a serious underestimation of the time required for the development process. There has been a naïve faith that independence from colonial overlords; plus economic planning and detailed discretionary controls; plus the language of socialism and democracy; plus borrowed technology would accomplish in years what elsewhere took decades.

Among economists of all countries it has been fashionable to give nominal priority to agriculture, education, and manpower but to place the real emphasis upon capital-intensive, slow pay-off heavy industry, shiny models of industrial growth, and impressive uneconomic projects. All of this fitted well into the politics of new nationalisms, the ideologies of leaders influenced by Western radicalisms, and the doctrines of economists who had forgotten their history and become fascinated by polished mathematical analysis of unreliable data.

The consequences have been sad in both developed and undeveloped areas: disillusionment among the aid-giving countries, and bitter disappointment in many of the new nations. Disillusionment in the United States has diminished the flow of loans. Disappointment among the less developed countries has produced a political climate in which xenophobia and irresponsible autarchy thrive.

From this frustration, however, some old truths are emerging with a new look: 75 per cent of the people in the less developed countries are directly dependent upon farms for income; there can be no industrialization without a surplus of food from the farms to feed the workers in industry; there can be no urbanization without a surplus of food and fiber in the country to feed and clothe the cities; the unemployed and underemployed can only be absorbed in labor-intensive methods on the farms; development begins near the farm and moves outward in ever widening circles; big industry is dependent upon external economies that grow up around small industry; and mass markets for domestic industry depend largely upon rising productivity and incomes in the vast reaches of the rural areas.

The new look was provided by the near-tragic crop failures in India; by the sudden realization during the mid-Sixties that two-thirds of the world's population, including Russia and China, were partially dependent upon food imports from the other third; by greater political awareness of the shattering effect of the population explosion upon all development plans; and by the verdant hopes inspired by the new agriculture.

Success in applying the new farm techniques depends upon a political context in which a new strategy of development can survive: a strategy that gives absolute priority to population control and agricultural progress; that provides price incentives and support prices; that allocates credit and capital to agriculture and the complex of minor and major industries upon which it depends and which depend upon it; and that rations precious foreign exchange to a list on which agricultural inputs are at the top.

In the growth of a political context in which such a strategy can survive, success in agriculture creates vested political interests that provide support to the priority of agriculture, assuring continuity of policy. Signs of this phenomenon are already apparent in several countries where the new technology has been successful. But the new growth in agriculture has also created new political problems as well as prospects. If the new productivity is to produce sustained growth, part of the increased income must create new capital either by private reinvestment of profits on the farm and in agro-related industry or by government, through taxation of farm earnings and expenditure on expanded services to the rural economy. Tax policies must be devoted to promoting both objectives. Thus far, the appropriate tax policies show little sign of implementation.

A second problem is that not all elements in the countryside share equally in the gains of increased farm output. The new seeds work well only where water can be applied precisely in the right amount at the right times. To the areas dependent upon uncertain rainfalls, the blessings of the so-called Green Revolution will come only slowly. Moreover, the high gains to landlords in irrigated areas may lead them to dispossess tenants, thus driving the tenants down into the status of landless laborers. And gains to landless workers, in the form of higher wages resulting from increased productivity, will be slow and uncertain.

Part of the problem will be met by the fact that the new agricultural techniques are or should be labor-intensive. More careful planting and transplanting; more frequent watering, weeding, and spraying; multiple cropping; and staffing the agro-related processes that attend the emergence of farming from self-sufficiency to cash marketing will all tend to increase the demand for labor—especially in the planting and harvesting seasons. Signs of this also have appeared spottily in India and Pakistan.

The new technology does not require labor-displacing machinery. It only needs small wheeled tools for precision-planting, fertilizing, and spraying; pumps for irrigation; plus minor improvements in traditional implements. And the tightening of the labor market could be speeded up by organizing land armies to create rural capital in the slack seasons of agriculture. Terracing, diking, reforesting; digging or cleaning wells, ponds, ditches, and canals; raising road levels, cracking and crushing rock for hard surfaces are some of the tasks to which a land army could be put. The only capital required is simple tools and the extra food to energize an existing labor force. The real constraint is the political foresight and administrative skill to organize such a labor force into capital-creation before frustration and fury erupt into violent destruction. No foreign aid is required to harness this potential for both economic productivity and political stability.

In summary, development can only occur in a sociopolitical context that encourages rural savings and investment; taxation of part of the increased agricultural product; maximum use of labor-intensive techniques; mobilization of rural labor for capital creation and social stability; foreign private investment; and, to a limited but marginally critical extent, foreign public long-term loans on concessional terms.

The real cost of *not* challenging these sociopolitical-economic value judgments during this decade is progressive disintegration of the ephemeral new nations—a reversal of the slow, painful process of creating larger areas of human cooperation. Instances of this are already unhappily evident.

But suppose the less developed coun-

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tries escape Jeremiah's long skinny finger by doing just what it takes to achieve a 5 per cent annual growth in food output. Will world resources support this growth, quite apart from the constraints of foreign exchange earnings, private foreign investment, and public foreign loans? Is every aspiring country in the world counting on the inexhaustibility of the same scarce resources?

There has been a good deal of cheerful conjecture about the unlimited resources of the sea. Careful, but conservative estimates, however, indicate that we are unlikely to be able to do much more than double the harvest of the oceans during the next thirty years. If population also doubles during the same period we will be no further ahead then than now. Moreover, sea food provides only about 23 per cent of our high quality protein, and less than 5 per cent of our caloric requirements. Our primary reliance will have to be upon the land. What are the prospects there? The short-run answer—that is, for the next thirty years—is relatively cheerful.

The primary nutrients that plants must receive from the soil are nitrogen, phosphorus, and potassium. Secondary nutrients are calcium, magnesium, and sulfur. In addition, plants need very small but indispensable amounts of boron, copper, iron, magnesium, zinc, molybdenum, and chlorine. Although the micronutrients are critically necessary, the amounts involved are so small that there will be an ample supply for a century ahead. Calcium and magnesium, in the form of limestone and dolomite, are plentiful. Nitrogen, which is by far the greatest component of plant food, can be had in unlimited amounts from the air, but it has to be put into soluble form.

The cheapest form of water-soluble nitrogen is ammonia, which is now made by synthesizing hydrocarbons with air and water under heat and pressure. The hydrocarbons are widely available as natural gas (methane) or the lighter fractions of petroleum, or coal tar derived from coking coal. All of these inputs are widely available, and, if priority is given to their use in agriculture, there is no possibility of a shortage for the next several decades.

Phosphate and potassium are found as mineral deposits scattered all over the globe. Known resources are ample for thirty years ahead, although their costs may rise as deeper digging or the use of lower concentrations becomes necessary. New discoveries have recently occurred and others are likely.

Sulfur in pure form is scarce, but as a compound with iron it occurs as pyrite in commercially usable concentrations in many countries—both developed and undeveloped. Sulfur is important not only for direct application to the soil in small quantities, but in making sulfuric acid, which is used in enormous amounts in converting raw materials.

If total world resources of these major plant nutrients were distributed in close correlation with human food needs, there would be enough to meet both the caloric and protein requirements of a seven-billion world population at the turn of the century. But given the insufficiency of foreign exchange earnings in many of the less developed countries, and the uncertainties of foreign private investment and foreign public assistance, the less developed countries ought to give very high priority to long-term programs of exploration, discovery, and development of sources of hydrocarbons, phosphate, potassium, and sulfur.

In the short term, top priority in foreign exchange allocation should go to the substitution of fertilizer imports for food imports, and the substitution of fertilizer production capacity for imports of finished fertilizers.

Suppose that all goes well at the technical, monetary, political, and resource levels of the effort to balance food output and population growth, what will have happened to the world around us? The physical consequences of population pressure are easily predictable, because they are already highly visible in the form of pollution and outright destruction of the environment. Although this destruction is magnified in the developed countries by affluence, it is by no means confined to them. What the less developed countries lack in per capita income, they easily make up in people.

The best examples in the world of polluted local environment are to be found already in the festering slums of the great cities of Asia, Africa, and Latin America. It will take a prosperous countryside indeed to reverse the flow of people from country to city that aggravates these slums.

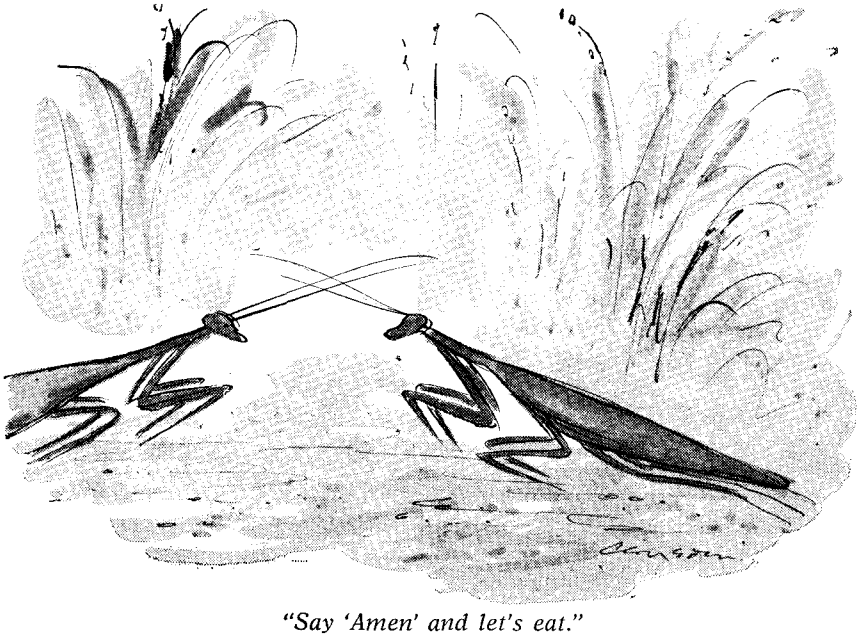
Some of the most shocking cases of destruction of forest, land, riverbeds, and alluvial aprons can be seen along the dry riverbeds which, when in full flood, are rending the Terai between Nepal and India.

A classic illustration of large-scale destruction is afforded by the spectacle of wind erosion in Rajasthan. Overgrazing by goats destroys the desert plants that might otherwise hold the soil in place. Goatherds equipped with sickles attached to twenty-foot poles strip the leaves of trees to float downward into the waiting mouths of famished goats and sheep. The trees die and the soil blows away two hundred miles to New Delhi, where it comes to rest in the lungs of its inhabitants.

A sample survey taken five years ago showed the second highest concentration in the world of DDT in the fatty tissues of Indians. This was presumably the result of the use of DDT in the successful antimalaria campaign. What will happen when pesticides are heavily used in agriculture?

And if we are concerned with birds, animals, and fish, the threat is at least as great from population pressure in the less developed countries as it is from pesticides, phosphates, and nitric acid in the West. Almost every wildlife refuge in India is being overrun by cattle that consume the forage upon which deer and antelope depend.

Finally, a special case of pollution has had unhappy results in several less developed countries in the form of



"Say 'Amen' and let's eat."

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waterlogging and the salinity or alkalinity of inadequately drained soils in improperly planned irrigation projects. In one case in Rajasthan hundreds of acres of citrus trees, carefully nurtured and renewed for a century, became a forest of gray skeletons after being baptized by the waters of development.

Happily, however, the destructive impact of chemical pesticides upon fish, birds, mammals, humans, and friendly bugs; of overdoses of phosphates from fertilizers and detergents upon the oxygen content of streams and lakes; of industrial and automotive wastes upon the water and the air; and of human effluent upon the immediate scenery are not likely, for several years, to produce more than local disasters. It will take a decade or more for the full force of progress to become evident in the less developed countries. In the meantime, there is a good deal such countries can do to restore existing and avoid future destruction. Wind and water erosion, flooding and waterlogging can be diminished by labor-intensive expenditures using only local resources for windbreaks, reforestation, terracing, check-dams, contour plowing, storage reservoirs, and deep runoff drains.

The worst aspects of slum congestion can be alleviated by concentrating upon pure water supplies, storm drains, and sewage disposal rather than upon showcase model housing.

Close coordination between research in the advanced countries and its application in the less developed countries may hasten the development of disease- and pest-resistant plants; the substitution of biological for chemical pesticides; and the use of methods of fertilizer application that diminish the risks of phosphate pollution and nitric poisoning.

From this recital of the principal elements in the people vs. food prospects of the less developed countries for the next thirty years several guides to U.S. policy may be extracted:

- Although the United States can easily satisfy the food needs of its own people, it cannot and ought not to try to meet the growing food deficits of the underdeveloped countries, except for short-run emergency situations.
- Since the population at present of the underdeveloped countries will probably exceed five-sixths of total world population by the year 2000, it is and will be a matter of U.S. national interest to help avoid the political disintegration and world instability that will result unless the growth rate of food output is substantially raised above that of population.
- It is well within the technical, eco-

(*Continued on page* 33)

An Innocent in Birdland

Some simple observations about the esoteric ways of our feathered companions.

by LEO ROSTEN

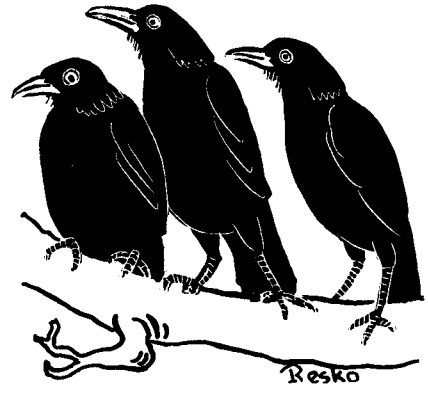
For several years, along with millions of other readers, I have been captivated by books about animals. I have devoured Konrad Lorenz, George Gaylord Simpson, Robert Ardrey, Desmond Morris, Gerald Durrell. It is not that I am especially interested in the exotic partners with which we share this whirling satellite of the sun. My growing interest in animal behavior stems from my growing disgust with human behavior.

My introduction to the alluring world of birds, bees, fleas, fishes, apes, snakes, drakes, and Greenwich Village has suffered from my total lack of knowledge about, or experience with, zoology. I was a city urchin, raised entirely on city streets. I can't remember anyone in our neighborhood in Chicago owning a dog, which cost plenty to feed; and the citizens who owned cats were either grocers or butchers, trying to reduce the rodent population in their premises without pep talks on planned parenthood or urban relocation.

One of our neighbors did own a canary, but his name was Boris Lipschitz, so no one blamed him; and a Mrs. Shmelzer kept buying goldfish from the Five and Ten, but the fish kept turning on their sides and dying in the shape of a crescent. Mrs. Shmelzer complained that the Five and Ten was selling her lopsided goldfish, but Mr. Himmelfarb told her the poor things were dying because Mrs. Shmelzer didn't understand them, not being Japanese. "The only people who can raise goldfish to a ripe old age," opined Mr. Himmelfarb, "are those Orientals."

All in all, I was raised in about as animal-free an environment as you can find outside of a bank vault. So I am quite surprised to find myself sopping up facts about the esoteric ways and wiles of our feathered, scaly, or lungless companions.

I don't for a moment claim that the information I collect is of world-shaking importance or will cause members of the Royal Academy to cry, "Great Scott! This chap has made a monkey out of Darwin!" I only say that *my* life has been vastly enriched by my adventures in the absorbing dominion of nature I had never before entered.



Here, for instance, are some quite simple, but surprising, observations about birds that I used to wonder about, from time to time, in a vague, unurgent way. I can certify that the facts are the best science knows. As for my comments—well, if they are not ornithologically exact, it is because I am not exactly an ornithologist.

How fast can birds fly?

Nowhere as fast as I thought. The range is thirty to sixty mph. I imagine that you think, as I did, that hawks are the swiftest things aloft. Not so. Certain ducks fly faster.

How do birds head for their destination, unerringly, in a straight line?

They don't. Not even the legendary crow. Birds get banged around quite a bit by the winds in the higher altitudes. And since birds ride the air currents (they'd be fools not to), they are often blown off course, of course, and must get back on the beam to reach their destination.

Then, how do birds navigate?

No one is certain about this. (Just as no one, believe it or not, knows where and how penguins find their food: Male emperor penguins fast for 120 days at a crack!) Experimenters are now affixing tiny radio transmit-

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ters to birds in order to track their flyings with accuracy.

The experts say that birds keep checking their position according to the position of the sun. But what about cloudy days? Or at night? The answer is lovely: Birds' eyes are so sensitive to ultraviolet rays that they can "place" the sun on a cloudy day; for night, birds just "read" the stars, like Dave Garroway.

Some birds seem to employ devices like sonar to guide themselves. Many simply pay close attention to landmarks.

I think I should tell you that I am not one of those who cries "Ooh!" and "Aah!" over the "miracle" of bird navigation. It involves neither brain nor calculation nor reason. It's all a matter of reflexes. And though I respect the complexity and refinement of instinct, I don't burn incense before its executors. Any fool can obey instinct; in fact, that's what gets so many fools into so much trouble.

But isn't it true that birds have phenomenal "homing" abilities?

Some do; many don't. Differences in homing talent range as widely among birds as do differences among women, say, in shooting pool. Pigeons, for instance, are widely praised for finding their way back across unknown terrain; but those tours de force have been greatly exaggerated. Actually, homing pigeons get confused quite easily. They perform best on runs for which they have been carefully trained, step by step. The farthest the smartest pigeon can make it back to home is under fifty miles.

Compare this to the little Manx shearwater. One Manx, whose home was Wales, was taken to Boston in a covered box and then set free. It flew all the way back to Wales—3,000 miles—which is no mean achievement for man *or* Manx without a compass or a pilot's license.

How far can birds fly?

Very. Barn swallows from Alaska travel no less than 9,000 (!) miles, all the way down to Patagonia. And storks from Copenhagen cross the Mediterranean and the length of Africa to get to the south thereof, which is 8,000 miles.

Whether children in Capetown think that these storks fly with diapers in their beaks, carrying babies, I do not know.

How good is a bird's eyesight?

Remarkable. No bird, however old or decrepit, has ever worn bifocals.

Most breeds have flattish eyeballs with very large retinas that cover a great deal of territory with unusual "depth of focus." Birds of prey (this does not refer to church attendance) have rounder, tabular eyes, which cover less ground but see much farther—and in incredible detail. "As keen as a hawk" is no idle metaphor; it's a simile.

Why do birds migrate?

I always thought birds emigrated en masse to get away from the cold. But that is not at all why birds leave home: They have to go—to where the *food* is; as their local supply shrivels up or disappears, they proceed south, where the provender is.

Do birds eat much?

Birds are *enormous* eaters. Take robin redbreast, the everyday, respectable homemaker you see in your back yard. (Technically speaking, he is not a robin but a thrush.) Young robins practically never stop eating. And adults are such fools about diet that, despite their incredible skill at pulling worms out of the ground without breaking them (a feat no one entirely understands), robins will gorge on rotting, fermenting fruits. They sometimes get drunk this way. A lush thrush in Scarsdale has been seen to stagger around like a bum on Third Avenue.

How many species of birds are there?

Almost 9,000. "Who's counting?" you ask. Bird watchers. They're *always* counting, and keep discovering new types, year after year.

How many birds are there in the world?

The great British authority James Fisher calculates 100 *billion*. I would have thought this a reckless estimate, except that Roger Tory Peterson, who wrote *Field Guide to the Birds*, says that Fisher's figure is quite reasonable. In the United States alone, asserts Peterson, there are five billion.

The National Audubon Society, which I called, figures two-and-a-half to three birds per acre—and if the National Audubon Society doesn't know, who does? Not, clearly, Leo Rosten.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

BURIED TITLES

For the missing words in each of the following quotations, just substitute the title of the work from which it was taken. (For example: "And *suddenly, last summer*, he began to be restless.") When the first word of the title is *The* or *A*, it may be ignored. As clues, Stuart Lewis of Boulder, Colo., lists the authors involved. The missing-words bureau is on page 57.

1. He had always been a cub, with his nose in the air! He would be setting up as a _____ next, with a place in the country! ( )
2. Then came troublesome doubts. Why had the Morlocks taken my _____ _____? ( )
3. . . . not pain, not terror, but strangest triumph, strangest acquiescence. One might as well _____. He shut his eyes. ( )
4. "It will rain," he remembered his father saying. You won't be able to go _____." ( )
5. "I don't mean I'd mind being rich and famous, but I'd like to have my ego tagging along. I want to still be me when I wake up one fine morning and have _____." ( )
6. He conceived persons with torn bodies to be peculiarly happy. He wished that he, too, had a wound, a _____. ( )
7. For it was as "_____" that poor Philip Nolan had generally been known by the officers who had him in charge. . . . ( )
8. The bearing of the two seasons on _____ was no fancy; it was the most decisive force he ever knew; it ran through life. . . . ( )

a. Adams. b. Capote. c. Crane. d. Galsworthy. e. Hale. f. Roth. g. Wells, h. Woolf.

Correction: In the August 1 quiz, the second item in column 2 is given by several authorities as *daughters* rather than *damsels*.

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Saturday Review

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Illiteracy, Woman's Worldwide Burden

Our friends at UNESCO bring us up to date from time to time on such vast world problems as hunger and illiteracy, hunger's ugly twin. The latest figures indicate that the total number of adult illiterates fifteen years of age and over on planet Earth is increasing at an average yearly rate of seven million and that more than 800 million men and women are now unable to read and write their own language. This distressing statistic is, however, ameliorated by a decline in the actual percentage of illiterates in the world today from 44 per cent in 1960 to 34 per cent in 1970. The figures take into account population growth and educational advances.

Early September is, in any case, a good time to consider this tragedy again, because International Literacy Day is September 8, observed particularly in the developing countries at UNESCO's suggestion. Here is a cause that would appear to be especially appealing to the educated corner of the world, for illiteracy is a prime characteristic of the world's female population. According to UNESCO, more than 70 per cent of the world's illiterates are women. The dropout rate is higher among women than men even in primary school; domestic obligations combine with traditional male indifference to stifle women's literacy. Motherhood and family routine frequently dampen what might have been elementary ability to read and write. In a tragic sense, the vast majority of the women of the world are doomed, even today, because of their sex and because they are separated from the rudiments of their own written language.

A recent UNESCO paper also reports that primary schools in Africa are currently losing the battle against illiteracy because population expansion has outraced educational expansion. Assuming that a minimum educational requirement for basic literacy is a fourth-grade reading level, a total of 71 per cent of the 5,350,000 African children aged six years in 1960 must now be classified as young adult illiterates, a result of either dropping out of school or inadequate learning. Three out of four heads of households in the underdeveloped nations are involved with farming in some capacity; therefore, wherever food is scarce and drought supreme, illiteracy is highest.

Even in the United States at the time of the 1960 census more than three million people over fourteen could not read or write, with one out of five American adults "functionally illiterate." There is no reason to believe, alas,

that this number will have decreased with the new census, and in the TV age it is more likely to have increased among adult Americans, who for all practical purposes cannot put the printed word on a page, nor read it with competent understanding.

In the area of higher education, UNESCO finds a ray of hope in that total school enrollment has more than doubled in developing areas over the past decade. The number of African students studying abroad rose in the nineteen midcontinent countries from 13,470 in 1960 to 40,970 at the beginning of this year, though, of course, many never return to their native lands. Moreover, there has been an impressive growth in enrollment and staff in twenty-six African countries possessing institutions of higher learning. In point of fact, however, general enrollment in secondary and higher education in what the unenlightened West likes to call the Dark Continent has been increasing at almost double the rate of teacher training, so popular has it become for the comparatively lucky few to go beyond grammar school.

Much of the work done through UNESCO's all-out campaign against illiteracy involves a concept called functional literacy, a most practical teaching method for largely nonindustrial areas that lack even elemental print communication. In simple terms, functional literacy is literacy integrated with specialized training, usually of a technical nature. While the teaching of reading and writing alone merely provides access to written communication, functional literacy aims at more comprehensive training relating the role of the illiterate adult to his functions as producer and citizen. Obviously, the implementation cannot be the concern of educators alone but calls for close cooperation with local technical ministries, agricultural and nonagricultural economics, and facts indigenous to each locality. On this basis, UNESCO has taken enormous strides through its vast Experimental World Literacy Programme.

We are in a time when discrimination against women is being fought around the world. But what meaning have "equal rights" so long as the illiteracy rate in many developing societies is 86 per cent for women and 51 per cent for men, and when the number of illiterate women between fifteen and forty-five is double the number of illiterate men in the same age group? Since it is true that an illiterate is unaware of laws that could protect him, or her, what is important for the male sex is vastly more so for women, who are by their physical structure far more vulnerable and in need of legal protection. —Richard L. Tobin.

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Letters to the Editor

Supersonic Transport

IN REFERENCE to Horace Sutton's article "Is the SST Really Necessary?" [*SR*, Aug. 15], it should be noted that the effect of environmental contamination by these vehicles is largely hypothetical. Certainly, the technical resources exist for making an accurate assessment of pollutants and their climatic effects before the SST era opens, as it inevitably will. Such an assessment, which might lead to design decisions and modifications in developing the transport, should be charged to the cost of its development. It would do much to put the SST discussion on a more factual and less emotional basis. Perhaps the SST could be the first technological development whose effects on the environment were determined in advance of its utilization.

RICHARD S. LEWIS,
Managing Editor,
Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists,
Chicago, Ill.

HORACE SUTTON did an incredible job of digging out facts and interesting sidelights that highlight the issues, and especially of presenting both sides of the SST argument. Well done!

I would expect, with a little more study and a proper research effort, we can press on to a safe, reliable, and economical SST that won't degrade the environment; however, between now and then, I'm sure the program will see much more stormy "weather."

W. M. MAGRUDER,
Director,
SST Development,
Office of the Secretary of
Transportation,
Washington, D.C.

INASMUCH AS I figure prominently in Mr. Sutton's article I hope I may clarify some impressions left by the article:

1) Until more than a year after the submission to Dr. DuBridge of the report of my SST panel, I had no contact and made no comment on the SST program to any news medium or member of Congress. On April 23, 1970, and again on May 7, 1970, I testified before two responsible committees of Congress, and, after this public exposure, my television appearance (one), letters to the editor (only one published), and interviews (three) have all been based on that Congressional testimony.

2) Quotations in the article from the Director of the Office of Supersonic Transport Development [William M. Magruder] leave the impression that, through Congressmen Reuss and Yates and through Senator Proxmire, I raised questions about melting the polar icecaps, etc. It should be clear that [they] formed their own views on the supersonic transport long before I had any contact with them.

3) The whole point of my testimony and of my opposition to the supersonic transport program is that the sideline noise of the aircraft that is presently being developed is so great as to make the plane unacceptable at existing airfields, and the (feasible) measures to reduce this noise adequately so extend the required takeoff length or reduce the payload that the airplane becomes uneconomic. I agree with the stated position of the Airport Operators Council International that no further government funding should be supplied to the SST unless it can be shown *beyond any doubt* that the aircraft will make no more noise than will be allowed from the (quieted) subsonic aircraft from those same airfields. It will be no joke if domestic airlines, which will have spent hundreds of millions of dollars on quieting their existing aircraft, are further restricted by public opposition to air transport that is expected to result from the introduction of a far noisier SST.

RICHARD L. GARWIN,
New York, N.Y.

Mayor Barker

CONGRATULATIONS TO N.C. for upholding Mayor Andy Barker and his rock festival at Love Valley, North Carolina ["All Hail Andy Barker," *SR*, Aug. 8]. The Mayor's belief in young people is even stronger after having lived through such a "happening." We visited Andy and his wife Ellenora a week after the festival and met some of the young men who had voluntarily stayed to help clean up the place. After a week of work, they were still happily working hard every day.

Andy Barker's philosophy is: "Give the kids plenty of food, plenty of drinking water, plenty of toilet facilities [he had state health inspectors on the scene, as well as doctors and medical students], and give them a place to play their music, and you won't have much trouble."

There should be more people who are willing to go out on a limb for the younger generation of today—and tomorrow. I say, "Hats off to Andy and Ellenora Barker." May their tribe increase.

CARL ARMIN VIEHE,
Buffalo, N.Y.

IN N.C.'S EDITORIAL about the sainted Mayor Barker he found it praiseworthy that those "kids" at Love Valley arranged for their own overdose clinics. As I assume he knows, LSD, hashish, heroin, and the rest of these outlandish substances are against the law of the land. Does he believe that society has the right to impose laws? Does he believe that it is up to adolescents to decide which laws they will obey and which they will not? No wonder the gullible Mr. Barker found they were "nice kids." They could afford to be on their best behavior, getting away with a monstrous and anarchic defiance of the law.

Come off it. I, and quite a few other former liberals, have discovered with pained surprise that today's "scene" is a return of the St. Vitus's dance, the Children's Crusade, the Inquisition, the gladiatorial combats of ancient Rome.

OTTO F. REISS,
New York, N.Y.

THANK YOU for your nice editorial. You may like to know that the young people met my expectations in staying to clean up Love Valley as promised. So far as I know, the young people left the place cleaner than they found it.

To meet these youth of today and to know them has been quite an experience and pleasure for me, and makes me feel so humble. I only wish that more people would take time to listen and to know more about them. They have displayed so much love and loyalty.

ANDY BARKER,
Mayor,
Love Valley, N.C.

"Goodbye Metrecal—Hello pepperoni pizzas!"

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The Theater

Henry Hewes

	TITLE AND AUTHOR	TENTATIVE CAST	OPENING
DOMESTIC	THREE BY FERLINGHETTI, Lawrence Ferlinghetti	Martha Greenhouse, Roger Morden	Tues., Sept. 22 Jan Hus
	THE HAPPINESS CAGE, Dennis J. Reardon	Martin Sheen, Charles Durning, Betty Henritze	Tues., Sept. 22 Newman
	BOB AND RAY—THE TWO AND ONLY	Bob Elliott, Ray Goulding	Thurs., Sept. 24 John Golden
	CHILDREN IN THE RAIN, Dennis McIntyre	Frank Giordano, Elizabeth Harryman	Thurs., Sept. 24 Cherry Lane
	ALICE IN WONDERLAND, Andre Gregory (from book)	Angela Pietropinto, Larry Pine	Mon., Sept. 28 The Extension
	HAPPY BIRTHDAY, WANDA JUNE, Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.	Kevin McCarthy	Wed., Oct. 7 De Lys
	THE NOISY PASSENGER, Shelley Winters	Sally Kirkland, Diane Ladd	Thurs., Oct. 8 Sheridan Square
	GANDHI, Gurney Campbell	Robert Drivas	Thurs., Oct. 15
	SUNDAY DINNER, Joyce Carol Oates		Fri., Oct. 16 American Place
	LES BLANCS, Lorraine Hansberry and Robert Nemiroff	James Earl Jones	Tues., Oct. 20 Longacre
	PINKVILLE, George Tabori	Michael Petro	Mon., Nov. 30
	THE GINGERBREAD LADY, Neil Simon	Maureen Stapleton, Betsy von Furstenberg	Wed., Dec. 2 Plymouth
	COMMUNE, Richard Schechner	The Performance Group	Wed., Dec. 16 Performing Garage
	THE OCTOBER NIGHT OF TOMMY ZERO, Michael V. Gazzo	Martin Balsam, Robert Forster	Tues., Dec. 29
IMPORTED	OPIUM, Jean Cocteau	Roc Brynner	Mon., Oct. 5 Edison
	TRELAWNEY OF THE WELLS, Arthur Wing Pinero (revival)	Sacha von Scherler, Nancy Dussault	Tues., Oct. 6 Anspacher
	CONDUCT UNBECOMING, Barry England	Paul Jones, Elizabeth Shepherd, Jeremy Clyde	Mon., Oct. 12 Ethel Barrymore
	NOT NOW, DARLING, Ray Cooney and John Chapman	Norman Wisdom, Rex Garner, M'el Dowd	Thurs., Oct. 22 Brooks Atkinson
	HAY FEVER, Noël Coward (revival)	Shirley Booth, Marian Mercer, John Williams	Fri., Oct. 30
	SLEUTH, Anthony Shaffer	Anthony Quayle, Keith Baxter	Thurs., Nov. 12 Music Box
	FOUR ON A GARDEN, Pierre Barillet, Jean Pierre Gredy, Abe Burrows	Carol Channing, Barry Nelson	Thurs., Nov. 26 Broadhurst
MUSICAL	JUSTINE, Robert Swerdlow	The Global Village	Thurs., Oct. 1 Performing Garage
	SENSATIONS, Paul Zakrzewski, Wally Harper (from ROMEO AND JULIET)		Wed., Oct. 14 Theatre Four
	THE ROTHSCHILDS, Sherman Yellin, Sheldon Harnick, Jerry Bock (from Frederick Morton's book)	Hal Linden, Paul Hecht, Keene Curtis, Jill Clayburgh	Sun., Oct. 18 Lunt-Fontanne
	TWO BY TWO, Peter Stone, Richard Rodgers, Martin Charnin (from Odets's THE FLOWERING PEACH)	Danny Kaye, Harry Goz, Madeline Kahn, Joan Copeland	Thurs., Oct. 29 Imperial
	CHERRY, Gerry Raad, William Inge, Tom Baird, Ron Millar (from BUS STOP)	Paula Wayne, David Cryer, Art Lund, Jeannette DuBois	Mon., Nov. 2 Winter Garden
	TATTERED TOM, Timothy Gray, Hugh Martin, Ralph Blane (from play)	Allan Jones, Robert Alda, Leland Palmer	Sun., Nov. 29
	NO! NO! NANETTE, Otto Harbach, Frank Mandel, Irving Caesar, Vincent Youmans (revival)	Ruby Keeler, Hiram Sherman, Patsy Kelly, Helen Gallagher	Thurs., Dec. 10
	W.C., Milton Sperling, Sam Locke, Al Carmines	Mickey Rooney	Sun., Dec. 13
	LOVELY LADIES, KIND GENTLEMEN, John Patrick, Stan Freeman, Franklin Underwood (from TEAHOUSE OF THE AUGUST MOON)	Kenneth Nelson, Ron Hussman, Bernie West, Elinor Calbes, Judy Knaiz, Remak Ramsey	Mon., Dec. 28 Majestic

The New Season

LISTED at the left are theatrical productions tentatively scheduled to open in New York this fall. All in all, it seems a somewhat more promising menu than did last September's.

The new domestic offerings include *Alice in Wonderland,* which last May accomplished the neat trick of winning an Obie award without officially opening; Neil Simon's first "serious" play; and an attempt by The Performance Group to explore the role of dropout groups in the history of our country. A new scheme of presenting limited runs of plays at Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, Friday, and Sunday matinees will be tried at the Edison Theater beginning Nov. 2. And later in the season, Tennessee Williams's *Two Character Play,* Robert Anderson's *Double Solitaire* and *Solitaire,* John Guare's *The House of Blue Leaves,* and an untitled new play by Arthur Miller are expected.

Off Off-Broadway at La Mama's Experimental Theatre Club, there will be a visit by La Mama London (Sept. 9); Maxine Klein's *The Americans* performed by La Mama Boston University (Sept. 16); two Vallé-Inclan plays acted by Madrid's Compañia Delfor Peralta (Oct. 7); two by Ed Bullins (Oct. 14); and *The Lady Who Went to the Moon,* presented by La Mama Chinatown (Oct. 28).

At the La Mama Repertory Theatre, the La Mama company will offer Will Leach's *Gertrude, Carmilla,* and *The Damask Drum; Mabou Mines,* produced by a company from Nova Scotia; *The Red Horse Animation,* a new opera by Tom Wagner; *Nightclub,* performed by Playhouse of the Ridiculous; and *The Cenci,* staged by La Mama Canada.

Two current London hits, *Sleuth* and *Conduct Unbecoming,* are among the imported plays headed for Broadway. They might be joined by David Storey's artistic success *The Contractor.*

Most eagerly anticipated is the return to Broadway of Richard Rodgers, Sheldon Harnick, and Jerry Bock, three of the most distinguished talents in our musical theater. And early in 1971, Galt MacDermot, who wrote the tunes for *Hair,* will be represented with *Via Galactica,* as will be *Cabaret*'s John Kander and Fred Ebb with *70-Girls-70,* and *Company*'s Stephen Sondheim with *Follies.*

Much missed will be the ANTA Theatre program, which last season brought a dozen of the country's resident theater companies to Broadway. However, Lincoln Center's Drama Repertory Theater will be offering four new productions of classics at the Vivian Beaumont with the first opening Nov. 5.

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Labor's Days of Travail and Triumph

by BEN B. SELIGMAN

THE IMPERFECT UNION: A History of Corruption in American Trade Unions, by John Hutchinson *(Dutton, 477 pp., $12.50);* **LABOR AND THE AMERICAN COMMUNITY,** by Derek C. Bok and John T. Dunlop *(Simon & Schuster, 542 pp., $12.50; paperback, $3.95);* **A UNION OF INDIVIDUALS: The Formation of the American Newspaper Guild, 1933-1936,** by Daniel J. Leab *(Columbia University Press, 362 pp., $10);* **REUTHER,** by Frank Cormier and William Eaton *(Prentice-Hall, 475 pp., $10)*

Of the four books reviewed here, John Hutchinson's morbidly fascinating study of chicanery in the American trade-union movement is the most exciting and dramatic—even if its drama has the depressing quality of a TV whodunit. The only difference is that the conniving described by Hutchinson is real, and there are no private eyes to dig up the clues. Hutchinson, who began his book as a Ph.D. dissertation, deserves high praise for assembling the facts of this sorry tale, and especially for doing so in a spirit of balance and probity.

Moreover, he writes extraordinarily well and in no way panders to a middle-class sense of rectitude. For he knows, as he casts a mordant eye on all the sordid details, that the trade-union movement is but a mirror image of what goes on in the larger society. Unions are uneven mixtures of idealism and pragmatism, sloth and energy, altruism and power, virtue and corruption, but the same mixtures, he knows, can be found in the rest of society as well. Hutchinson understands that corruption in the unions owes much to the readiness of predatory employers to cheat in order to gain a competitive advantage over rivals.

BEN B. SELIGMAN is professor of economics and director of the Labor Relations and Research Center at the University of Massachusetts. He has written extensively on labor, automation, and poverty.

Further, the muck in some unions is paralleled by the mire in politics. Quite rightly, Hutchinson insists that the decay was accelerated by the "insanity of Prohibition" and the American habit of thumbing one's nose at the law. Thus the "gangster" union could grow in an environment in which legislators were easily suborned by wicked businessmen who believed the nation was theirs to have and to hold. The procedural jungle of the criminal law, the tensions of ethnic conflict in the cities, and the unrelieved oppressiveness of the slums all contributed to a climate in which corruption could flourish. Unionists, politicians, and businessmen alike were affected; for many the "payoff" seemed the only way to get ahead, and the only way to make the system work.

Hutchinson urges, however, that we look at the matter with some sense of proportion, for the fact is, he argues, most union officials have carried out their duties without taint. Here he is supported by Derek C. Bok and John T. Dunlop, who in their book show that only a few international unions affiliated with the AFL-CIO have been infected, and in those unions but a minority of locals could be labeled as crooked.

Actually, by and large, American union leaders have tried to do their jobs well, and they have done them effectively enough to merit the continued support of their members. It would be unfair to tar all trade unionists because a handful of leaders came to view their organizations as a source of plunder. We must be cautious in our judgments, says Hutchinson, lest we fall into the trap of the double standard.

Once these caveats are out of the way, he launches vigorously into the main episodes of his story. It is a sorry tale. In the building trades, as in several other industries whose employers were small and fragmented, the union quickly became the strongest single body, able to control the flow of workers to jobs, and thus the job itself. The

SR: BOOKS

Book Review Editor: ROCHELLE GIRSON

19 **"The Imperfect Union: A History of Corruption in American Trade Unions,"** by John Hutchinson; **"Labor and the American Community,"** by Derek C. Bok and John T. Dunlop; **"A Union of Individuals: The Formation of the American Newspaper Guild, 1933-1936,"** by Daniel J. Leab; **"Reuther,"** by Frank Cormier and William Eaton

22 **Book Forum: Letters from Readers**

23 **European Literary Scene,** by Robert J. Clements

24 **"The Intelligence Establishment,"** by Harry Howe Ransom

27 **"Phantoms: A Collection of Stories,"** by Barton Midwood; **"The Life of Riot,"** by Judith Johnson Sherwin; **"A Bird in the House,"** by Margaret Laurence; **"Happiness and Other Stories,"** by Mary Lavin; **"A Time to Keep and Other Stories,"** by George Mackay Brown; **"The Bicycle Rider and Six Short Stories,"** by Frederick L. Keefe; **"Barbed Wire and Other Stories,"** by Robert Canzoneri; **"Almost Home: Collected Stories,"** by Jonathan Schwartz; **"The Girl Who Sang with the Beatles and Other Stories,"** by Robert Hemenway

30 **"The Coming Destruction of Israel,"** by Myron S. Kaufmann

31 **"NATO: The Transatlantic Bargain,"** by Harlan Cleveland; **"Detente Diplomacy: United States and European Security in the 1970's,"** by Timothy W. Stanley and Darnell M. Whitt

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union's walking delegate interpreted the contract, and if the gleam in the boss's eye made him unhappy the delegate was apt to call the men out on strike. The boss might turn for help to the local politician, who was himself an unlikely model of honesty. Or the politician might, for an appropriate fee, prefer the union. And so men like Sam Parks of the Iron Workers' union could dominate the New York building industry at the turn of the century, advising contractors, "You go to work when you pay Sam Parks." Eventually indicted for extortion, Parks nevertheless led a Labor Day parade astride a white horse and wearing a white sash with gold lace.

The real labor racketeers, the gangsters who saw a good thing in "owning" a local union, were to be found in Chicago. They prospered mightily under William Dever and "Big Bill" Thompson, two congenitally larcenous mayors. "Big Bill" fulminated in the 1920s against British royalty and stole the city blind. When he died his safety deposit box yielded a million dollars in cash. Such were the men under whom the mob could thrive, and part of their dominion was the trade-union movement. Between 1923 and 1929, more than twenty labor leaders were killed because they had refused to cooperate with the gangsters. Public officials never heard a shot. Al Capone, it was said, extracted more than a million dollars each year, much of it through control of unions.

Few episodes escape Hutchinson's scrutiny, but one incident he evidently missed involved several retail locals dominated by a Capone henchman named Caldwell. When the rank and file at long last rebelled, chasing Caldwell out of town, an audit revealed that he had siphoned off $900,000 in dues money in less than a decade. Caldwell later turned up in Florida as a respectable real-estate operator.

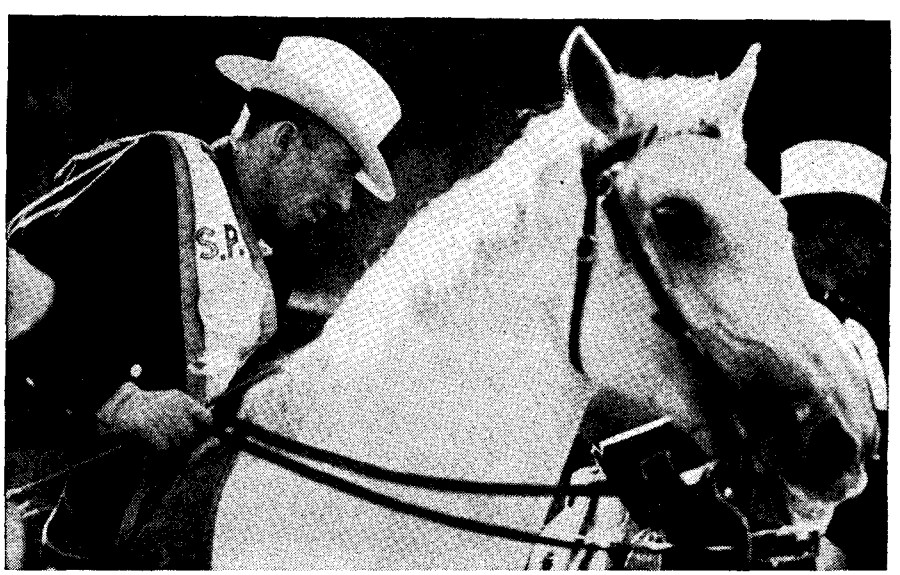
In union after union the gangsters began to move in. Although before long they reached insolently into international union headquarters, at first they were merely mercenaries, hired by unscrupulous employers to break strikes. The unions would respond with their own condottieri, often members of the same mob serving the employers. But, like fifteenth-century adventurers who thought dukedoms should be theirs, the mobsters soon controlled everyone. Arnold Rothstein, "Waxey" Gordon, "Legs" Diamond, Lepke Buchalter, and others of equal notoriety penetrated such trades as flour, baking, apparel, and shipping. With local unions held in thrall and trucking operations kept in a vise, the racketeer could take his tribute from the employer while pocketing union dues.

It was rumored that the Amalgamated Clothing Workers had to pay Buchalter $25,000 to stay away. However, Sidney Hillman, the ACW president, was determined to clean out the racketeers, and eventually he succeeded. Similarly, the Hat Makers' union mounted an antiracketeering campaign, flooding the streets of New York with thousands of workers to chase the gangsters out of their trade. On the other hand, the Ladies' Garment Workers' Union had to allow the mobsters to retain control of the trucking local, where, it is said, they are still ensconced. In any event, the needle trades' experience showed that resolute unionists could recapture control of their own organizations. The history of the waterfront unions, hotel and restaurant workers, butcher workmen, building services, motion-picture operators, and teamsters, Hutchinson says, had a less happy outcome. In some of these trades the racketeers still rule, despite government investigations, bi-state compacts and commissions, and court convictions.

Eventually, the stench was too much even for Congress. In 1953 it began to scrutinize the operations of union-management health and welfare funds, fertile ground for thievery. It exposed the noisome ties between venal insurance brokers and base union officials, and it exposed the culpability, if not outright guilt, of the insurance companies themselves. Then came the McClellan Hearings of 1957. It may be that Senator McClellan was motivated by something more than exposure of corruption in labor-management relations. It may be that he wanted to blacken the labor movement, as some have charged, but by this time a number of unions had so fouled their nests that there was little he could add. The public had already heard of Dave Beck of the Teamsters' union; they now learned about Max Block of the Meat Cutters' union, who had connived with A&P at the expense of his members; they learned of Jim Cross of the Bakers, who fancied himself a prince with the union his private demesne; and they learned of Nat Shefferman, entrepreneur in union busting, who had been set up in his noxious business by Sears, Roebuck.

It was a carnival of evil that involved corrupt employers, greedy union officials, and at times the upper echelons of the Mafia. When Beck was pushed out of the Teamsters by ambitious Jimmy Hoffa not much changed. Hoffa, for whom Hutchinson expresses some reluctant regard as a shrewd bargainer, was declared by the McClellan Committee to have been a consistent supporter of his racketeer friends. Yet there was never any doubting the loyalty of organized truck drivers to Hoffa. They were ready to overlook his shady operations and dubious allies so long as he negotiated effectively on their behalf. That he did well. The attitude of the Teamster rank and file — give me mine, and you can take yours—seems not unexpected in the American milieu. But to the McClellan Committee the Hoffa empire was steeped in iniquity.

There was little that the AFL-CIO could do, other than expel the Teamsters and several other corrupt unions. To be sure, George Meany was troubled by the gathering clouds of criticism, yet he did not act until Congress became curious. In fact, he often characterized attacks on union racketeering as "sniping" at the labor movement. The Federation tried to charter several new unions, especially among the dock workers. But that tactic was



—Brown Brothers

Sam Parks, heading a Labor Day parade in the early 1900s—"a handful of leaders came to view their [union] organizations as a source of plunder."

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not always a success. The Distillery Workers' and Allied Industrial Workers' unions went their merry ways.

Hutchinson suggests that the characteristic form of American labor—business unionism—explains why corruption was able to make such extraordinary headway. Business unionism ministers to the workers' need for better wages, hours, and working conditions—and does little more. In the process it develops an institutional apparatus and bureaucracy that provide ample opportunities for the unscrupulous.

Traditionally, the strongest opposition to corruption has been offered by those who have cast their nets a bit wider than just shop affairs—the industrial unions. These unions have been in general more socially responsible: they are interested in matters that affect workers where they live, the way they travel to work, the taxes they must pay, and what they buy at the supermarket. In short, like the late Walter Reuther, they conceive unions to be something more than service agencies and contract enforcers.

Such a view of unions is also shared by Bok and Dunlop, two notable authorities, whose carefully balanced survey of labor's present status and future prospects will offend few persons. As befits a Rockefeller Brothers Special Study, the Bok and Dunlop book distributes merits and demerits with an even hand. Though it is the sole product of the two experts, *Labor and the American Community* reads as though it had been homogenized in the blender of a panel discussion. That is to say, the work is thorough, plodding, and totally soporific. Whereas I read the Hutchinson in two sittings, I had to push myself for almost a week to complete the Bok and Dunlop.

Yet, if not an especially good book, *Labor and the American Community* is an important one. Like Hutchinson, its authors try to deal with union corruption in a balanced and judicious way; *i.e.*, they place it in context. Bok and Dunlop estimate that, of the $200-million embezzled annually, not more than 10 per cent can be attributed to union officials. And, they stress, crooks always come in pairs. More important, the book's scope is very broad: it omits nothing pertaining to labor except the esoteric diagrams and economic models so dear to the hearts of theorists. Beginning with public opinion about unions, the authors cover structure and administration, dispute settlements, public-sector bargaining, productivity, inflation and unions, politics, local union operations, the AFL-CIO, and labor and public issues.

Particularly useful is the chapter on public employees. Only the other day *Fortune* magazine reported that 77 per cent of businessmen would deny to public workers the right to strike. Yet teachers and postal employees have not been known recently to take much heed of such views, and their mood is increasingly expressed by other government workers. Businessmen may think that the authority of the state is jeopardized when public workers walk out, but no one really believes that a garbage collectors' strike undermines the sovereignty of the state. Employees have legitimate complaints—real wages have been lagging, and in their search for redress they have discovered that the wheels of government grind slowly and not too finely.

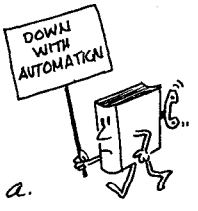
The consequence has been an upsurge of union organization of surprising proportions among the eleven million public workers. About three million government workers now bargain collectively, seeking improvements in their economic situation. If such improvement is not substantially achieved in the near future, we may expect to see the mail once again undelivered and the garbage uncollected. Yet it is difficult for administrators to act like private employers, for legislators still control the purse. Hence, in the last analysis, the question of labor relations in the public sector comes down to politics, and here Bok and Dunlop have no better answers than anyone else.

As befits a report of this sort, the authors freely dispense all kinds of helpful hints. They would like to see the AFL-CIO exercise more influence on its affiliated internationals, even suggesting that the Federation headquarters in Washington become the primary dues collecting agency. It could then, they argue, maintain fiscal control in the hope that this would make the boys behave. They urge that more of the affiliates be required to merge and pool their resources. Like corporations, unions should be encouraged to plan their daily work, learn to use economies of scale, employ such simple devices as budgets, and enter into joint study efforts with management.

Such advice may be all well and good but, as Bok and Dunlop know, unions are political as well as economic entities. The top officers may not utilize staff skills effectively, but they are eager to hold on to political power. It is unlikely that internationals will accept merger with any grace: there would be squabbling over the distribution of posts in merged organizations, and shop promotion and seniority lists would have to be combined as well. To be sure, some unions—the railroad unions, for instance—have merged, but generally the task is apt to be an intractable one. Union leaders are not likely to thank Bok and Dunlop for their gratuitous advice.

Such reluctance to listen to others explains why many people are so uneasy. As the polls cited by the authors reveal, the public is disturbed by strikes and corruption and simply does not trust labor leaders. George Meany may not be upset by opinion polls and he may blame editorial writers for distorting the facts, but he cannot deny that unions are less well received than they were thirty years ago. Oddly enough, rank-and-file attitudes do not vary markedly from the general view. While dues paying members believe that their leaders are doing a good job, there is some doubt that union leadership fully represents the wishes of those being led.

According to Bok and Dunlop, this clash of opinion demonstrates that not even members understand the purpose and function of unions. Rank-and-filers accept their organization as a means of securing a larger slice of the income pie, but they resent any attempt to turn local unions toward social or political aims. More than anything else this reaction exposes the middle-class outlook of American workers. Class consciousness is not their métier. They display no ideology, unless it be that associated with suburbia: they are more preoccupied with taxes and high prices than with what goes on in



Southeast Asia. Many are proud to be included with Nixon's "silent majority."

Labor's sense of evangelism has eroded, and it would appear that its claim to distributive justice has foundered. The tight grip of oligarchy, the spreading edifice complex in Washington, and the relaxation of moral standards have been disheartening. With the unions' vision no loftier than that of the American Medical Association, onetime sympathizers have turned to civil rights, poverty programs, ecology, and Vietnam.

But Bok and Dunlop argue that such complaints are unfair. After all, they point out, the AFL-CIO has issued numerous convention resolutions on social problems, and it has supported antipoverty programs, Medicare, minimum wages, and civil rights. The rebuttal misses the point: one does not

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quarrel with all the lofty statements proffered by labor's high command, but their fulfillment demands much more effort than what local union officers are prepared to expend. It has taken a good deal of needling and prodding to get labor to act.

Perhaps we ought not to worry too much about the role of unions in social change. Perhaps we should leave that task to others—community groups, students, the church. Unions, of course, have served extremely well as instruments for improving the immediate material welfare of their members. There are few better ways to defend the job rights of workers than collective bargaining; securing this kind of protection has required too much struggle and effort to be lightly dismissed.

How intense that struggle has been is ably described in Daniel Leab's study of the American Newspaper Guild and most notably in Frank Cormier and William Eaton's biography of Walter Reuther. Leab's history of the early efforts of editorial writers and reporters to raise their economic standards suggests that a union can remedy conditions under which its members work without succumbing to either oligarchy or gangsterism. Overcoming a stubborn independence and the romantic myth of "newspapering," the ANG has become one of the finest white-collar unions of the present day. If these individualists—reporters and rewrite men and editorial scribblers—were able to create a bona fide union, then perhaps other white-collar workers, among whom organizing has been quite laggard, will learn from that example.

Consider the deplorable situation of the reporter in the 1920s and 1930s—no job stability, high turnover, low pay, and long hours. Newspaper owners insisted that following the events of the day was compensation enough. Yet the early efforts of the Typographers' Union to reach editorial-room employees came to naught. Employers resorted to all the tricks of industrial warfare to forestall organizing—firings, blacklisting, and shouts of communism. As Leab shows, the Great Depression made matters unbearable, and still the reporters did nothing. Not until the New Deal, when Franklin D. Roosevelt forced the newspaper industry to adopt an NRA code and swallow the Blue Eagle, did the reporters bestir themselves: they thought the Code should offer some protection to employees. Then a well-paid, highly respected columnist, Heywood Broun, declared one day that "beginning at nine o'clock in the morning" he would do his best to help reporters get a

(*Continued on page* 32)

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Frost

I DO NOT WISH to enter a controversy regarding Lawrance Thompson's interpretation of Robert Frost or John Aldridge's interpretation of Thompson's book [*SR*, Aug. 15]. But I must resent the charge that Frost "used" me shamelessly to exploit his poetry. I wrote enthusiastically about Frost's poems before I became acquainted with Frost and continued to do so before he became famous—and after—without the least prodding or "pushing" on his part. I am further aggravated by the imputation —Aldridge offers it as a statement—that when a friend ceased to be useful, Frost cut him out of his life. The friendship recorded in *Letters of Robert Frost to Louis Untermeyer* was as warm and generous—and playful—as it was intimate. It lasted fifty years.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER,
Newtown, Conn.

THERE IS MORE THAN ONE measure of greatness. Robert Frost's handicaps, personal and family, which Lawrance Thompson scores as discredits, are seen in a different light by those who value his poetry. The fact that, in spite of these handicaps, he was able to produce thoughts through the medium of little things, thoughts which have brought joy and relaxation to others, scores high with many, in spite of critics. We enjoy him but never tried to put him on Olympus; he wouldn't feel at home there.

DORIS JONES,
Gwynedd, Pa.

MR. ALDRIDGE DWELLS on what he believes to be the latent and manifest unhealthiness of Frost's mind; could it possibly be a sign of unhealthiness in the minds of some critics to show relief, even delight, in anything unflattering to Frost, and to categorize all objection as sentimental?

As Mr. Aldridge says, "Frost's personal life was blighted in the extreme." No doubt any person has something to do with his own blighting. However, the critics just now seem to share the premise of Job's comforters: You must have done something to deserve all this—come on, tell us what it was! And Job's error, it would seem, lay in his being so unusually good as to attract attention.

The facts of Frost's life available to everyone contradict Mr. Aldridge's imputation of parochial experience, but with regard to Frost's supposed anti-intellectualism, I recall that (in "To the Right Person") he says not that learning itself but "mere learning was the devil"; the emphasis is not to be understood as against knowledge, but for meditation.

In regard to Mr. Aldridge's statement "It was always easier [for Frost] to stop outside the woods that are 'lovely, dark, and deep,' than to enter them and find them haunted," I wonder at his daring to estimate the ease or difficulty of another person's spiritual struggle. Also, the action alluded to was not just negative; as Frost makes clear in another poem, he was "out for stars."

SHERYL OWENS,
Middlebury, Vt.

In Secularists, Talent and Insight?

FIRST JOHN ALDRIDGE made the fatuous claim concerning John Updike that a writer is required by the nature of his medium to adopt a "secular view of existence" [*SR*, June 27]. Next, Benjamin DeMott announced that William Buckley fails as a writer because, among other things, as a man of faith he lacks "the necessary firmness of skepticism, the freedom of the freethinkers"

Can Messrs. Aldridge and DeMott seriously ask us to believe that literary talent and insight are possessed solely by secularist authors? Are they slyly implying that only writers *such as themselves* can produce meaningful literature? Must J. R. R. Tolkien, Marshall McLuhan, Muriel Spark, and Heinrich Böll, for example, be dismissed as incompetents because they happen to share a religious philosophy with Mr. Buckley?

PATRICIA NIXON,
Birmington, Mich.

Smears

THE BOOK FORUM OF AUG. 29 carried a note from William Buckley to the effect that my account of his opinions about backers of apartheid was "irresponsible." As it happens, I didn't describe Mr. Buckley's views; I quoted them, carefully and accurately, as originally printed in *National Review* (1963) and as subsequently reprinted, with their author's explicit permission, in *Quotations from Chairman Bill* (1970). Presumably if Mr. Buckley had changed his mind on the subject, he would not have permitted the passage to be reprinted.

I never imagined any words of mine could nudge Mr. Buckley out of the blank uncaringness about cruelty and oppression that sometimes masquerades as "unsentimentality" in his pages. But I did assume he was above smearing reviewers for quoting him exactly.

BENJAMIN DEMOTT,
Amherst, Mass.

Compulsory YA and A Reading

"FOR YOUNG ADULTS"—nonsense. *Lost Names* [*SR*, Aug. 22] is for everyone, including seventy-six-year-old adults—me. The best of Richard E. Kim's three books, it should be compulsory reading for all high school and college students—and especially all unhappy protesters.

CY UPHAM,
Washington, D.C.

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European Literary Scene

Robert J. Clements

The Spaniards have found a word for their new-novels that reach unprecedented heights of inventiveness and imagination. The term is *contraola* (counterwave). At the moment the most discussed practitioner of this type of narrative is young Juan Benet, who found the critics beating a path to his door after his 1967 success, *Volverás a Región* (You'll Return to Región). Habitually seeking models, reviewers have compared him to Faulkner, Robbe-Grillet, and Proust, whose return home through remembrance the fictitious place name Región suggests. Now Benet demonstrates even broader talents with his novel *Una Meditación*. We meet its narrator as a child in Spain on the eve of the nation's Civil War (a war thematically underplayed) and follow the dramas and conflicts of his family and their friends. The reader must work his way through an inchoate flow of words, without chapters or paragraphs or clarifying punctuation. Memories, episodes, characters converge in time and space, as if by chance. Even the protagonist, the old poet Juan Ruan, who "spoke without circumlocutions or beating around the bush, to the point of dispossessing his speech of one dimension," actually expresses himself with heavy baroque phrasing and obscurity.

Unexpectedly, this novel, with its turgid and psychological family tensions, contains several comic interludes evocative of the Renaissance novellas, such as the episode of Andarax and Rosa after the latter has swallowed a pearl during their amorous exercises. The critics are unanimous in acclaiming Benet. One must salute the courageous editorial policy of his publisher, Seix Barral, who issued two other experimental narratives by young writers at the same time, Juan Marsé's *Obscure Story of Cousin Montse* and Vicente Molina-Foix's *Provincial Museum of Horrors*.

Novelist-critic Michel Mohrt (1915-) does a lot of book reviewing, especially of non-French authors. Gallimard has just published *L'Air au large* (freely, A Breath of Air from the Wide Open Spaces), a collection of his essays on some sixty writers. A quick sampler:

James Joyce: "Nothing seems to me more suspect than those novelists on the lookout for any sort of novelties, roaming through the galleries of the

avant-garde and the concerts of *musique sérielle*. A forceful creative talent has always something limited about it. Joyce had an iron disdain for what was being written around him."

Scott Fitzgerald (whom Mohrt finds "Stendhalian"): "What did he teach us? That one can refuse to compromise, refuse the blackmail of work, the concern for earning money. That it is better to be damned than to be an accomplice."

A check-list of the main ingredients of Italian new-wave films is easily compiled: nudity, aimlessness and *dolce vita*, protest, *actes gratuits*, sex and obscenity, all lightly veneered with intellectuality and literary name-dropping. Contemporary Italian fiction can hardly keep up with this standard, but Costanzo Costantini makes a fairly successful attempt in his narrative of an off-again-on-again love affair, *Io ho tentato di vivere* (I Have Tried to Live), published by Sugar Editore. All the ingredients are here in abundance, even the name-dropping. As the narrator and his Milena make love in an *accelerando* tempo, Milena calls out the names most likely to be dropped (Miller, Weiss, Camus, Gombrowicz, *et al.*). Following each the hero ripostes with a four-letter word and a plunge. The whole effect was lost on me when I found Costantini misspelling Genet. The violence and senselessness of this affair are sealed in a curious coincidence. We first meet Milena supine, unconscious, with legs akimbo, in the same provocative position and condition as when we last see her. The first time it is because she has taken an overdose of drugs. The last time it is because Milena's lover has just strangled her.

Reflecting on the summer's death knells for the old generation of writers (Forster, Mac Orlan, and Elsa Triolet, wife of Louis Aragon), it is good to note that Fritz von Unruh is active and awaiting a twenty-volume edition of his complete works from Haude & Spener Verlag. Its contents will be most varied in subject and tone. Born in 1885, Unruh was raised in the starkest Prussian tradition by his army officer father. Unruh himself was a cavalry officer in World War I, a witness to such bloody battles as Verdun. The wasteful futility of combat he described in his war journal, *March to Sacrifice*. After a few initial plays in the manner of Kleist (*Officers* was staged by Max Reinhardt), he wrote in the Twenties many successful plays linking him with Expressionism. Violent, visionary, allegorical, they preached against war and a host of social evils, including murder, rape, incest, etc. Yet they suggest with a messianic faith that humanitarianism and pacifism will triumph. Although accused of having "bogged down in a private mythology of sterile hate and abstract pacifism," through his message Unruh won a Reichstag seat in 1924 as the Republican Party's foremost candidate. Like Romain Rolland in France, he was a vocal advocate of Franco-German *rapprochement*.

His next plays were historical and psychological, and he even tried his hand at comedy. In 1932, with the rise of the Nazis, Unruh fled to France, and eight years later he came to the U.S. Back in Germany after 1945, he resumed writing for the theater near Diez on the River Lahn, his most important play being *Wilhelmus*, whose hero, William of Orange, is the symbol of liberty.

With commendable bravado the most official Russian monthly journal of letters, *Soviet Literature*, invited a number of internationally known literary figures to offer their opinions of the journal, for publication. A dense magazine, lavishly illustrated and admirably translated in its international editions, *Soviet Literature* ducks anything controversial and supports the official attitudes even when they change (*e.g.*, the new state view of Chekhov's "optimism"). Almost all the replies printed reflected this obvious timidity. Erskine Caldwell, William Saroyan, and Ivor Montagu spoke kindly for the most part, Saroyan finding it "one of my favorite magazines in the whole world." C. P. Snow, alone of Western respondents, hinted diplomatically that "it does not exactly satisfy my interest in present-day creative work, simply because that would be an enormous claim," and recalled tongue-in-cheek that he had enjoyed an earlier piece by Bulgakov. Only the New Delhi editor Namvar Singh got right to the point: "The magazine does not give sufficient expression to the differences and multifarious trends within Soviet literature. This ought to be done, to avoid a certain monotony and officialism of viewpoint which one feels." Perhaps, after all, the editors were hoping to draw out just such criticism as this to print, and the other writers were too polite to oblige.

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THE INTELLIGENCE ESTABLISHMENT

by Harry Howe Ransom

Harvard University Press, 309 pp., $9.95

Reviewed by Miles Copeland

■ "The intelligence operation," a Central Intelligence Agency instructor tells his pupils, "is in two parts: first, attaining the objective; second, concealing the fact that the objective has been attained. Usually we must also conceal the fact that we have made any efforts to attain the objective." In other words, when an espionage operation is successful the victim goes on about his business in happy ignorance of the fact that his secrets are known to the CIA. When a "political action" operation is successful the government against which it was conducted seems to have disintegrated or come to an end solely through natural causes.

"And if there is any danger at all of failure," the CIA instructor continues, "it is almost always better to leave the problem unsolved rather than risk failure or discovery." Theoretically, there should "almost always" be no failures.

But there have been failures: the Bay of Pigs, the U-2 incident, and one or two others. Taking into account the CIA's policy towards caution, it would seem reasonable to assume that for every failure there have been, say, ten or more successes. Reasonable people may be forgiven for suspecting the CIA of having brought about the downfall of Nkrumah and Sukarno, of having installed the military junta in Greece, of having thrown out Sihanouk. And, since the CIA—not only because of its bloopers but because of official admissions by its senior members—is known to have a capability for "political action," can the public be blamed for believing that the capability is activated now and again?

Reasonable or not, the public does so believe; the public's thirst for stories about international political intrigue being what it is, there has inevitably been a flood of trashy speculations purporting to reveal the true inside story. One of them, an encyclopedia of misinformation called *The Invisible Government*, stayed on the best-seller lists for several weeks. Others, notably some three or four books by Washington columnist Andrew Tully, have been less successful in sales but have made substantial contributions to the popular notion that the CIA is a law unto itself, that it freely interferes in the internal affairs of sovereign nations, and that it overthrows anti-American governments, even democratically elected ones, to install anti-communist governments—with a special preference for non-democratic anti-communist governments.

Fortunately, such books have been weak in logic and unclear in rhetoric, and the mere fact that they have come under the heading of sensational journalism has tended to rob them of credibility. But one wonders. A *Washington Post* editorial writer spoke for many of us when he said, "It is obviously impossible for anyone who is not himself deep inside the intelligence community to write a comprehensive book about it, but won't someone please at least give us a basis for using common sense to judge what he hears?"

Harry Howe Ransom has provided such a basis. *The Intelligence Establishment* supplies exactly the background we need to understand why we must have an "intelligence community," what we can expect of it, and where its real dangers and weaknesses are. The late Allen Dulles, while he was director of CIA, used to keep a copy of Mr. Ransom's *Central Intelligence and National Security*, on a shelf behind his desk. Richard Helms, the present director, would be well advised to do the same with *The Intelligence Establishment*, which has been revised and enlarged from the earlier book. Although it is far from complimentary, at least the book sets forth the faults with which Mr. Helms is trying to grapple rather than the nonexistent ones of which the Agency is accused. *The Intelligence Establishment* is, in fact, the only up-to-date serious study of the organization and effectiveness of our country's intelligence system.

Why have an "intelligence community" at all? This question, which seems so absurd to those who are members of it, has in fact been asked by Congressmen and journalists to whom "intelligence" connotes spies, saboteurs and political activists, and it deserves an answer in depth; even those who understand "intelligence" in its proper light do not often appreciate exactly why it is indispensable. Whether he gets it from the newspapers, from briefings by his subordinates or reports from consultants, any chief-of-state or president of a large corporation or head of any other kind of organization must have intelligence in order to fulfill his responsibilities. The primary function of the CIA has been to coordinate the whole intelligence system, consisting of some ten or twelve separate services, to ensure that, in the words of Allen Dulles, "it gives our Government's top policy makers exactly the information they need, no more and no less, in order to make the right decisions."

"Information"—or "raw information," as intelligence analysts call it—may be good or bad, accurate or inaccurate, relevant or irrelevant, timely or out of date; "intelligence," on the other hand, is information that has been evaluated, correlated, boiled down to manageable dimensions, and put into reports which can be quickly and easily read. CIA's main function is to supervise the process. No one who understands management can question the assertion that some one agency must have this function; few question that it should be the CIA.

"A 'pure' doctrine of intelligence," says Mr. Ransom, "demands that intelligence officers 'present the facts'

"Poor Joe can't stand the pitter-patter of rain on his shell."

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Some people really know how to live.
Right down to their whisky. It has to be V.O.
Very smooth. Very special. Very Canadian.

Seagram's V.O Canadian

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Jasper, Indiana. The town that made garbage illegal.

Everyone is fed up with the garbage problem today. But the people of Jasper, Indiana, were fed up with it twenty years ago.

Back then the Jasper city council decided that garbage collection was taking too big a bite of the city budget.

So they suspended household-garbage pickups. Made it illegal to put garbage on Jasper's streets. And urged homeowners to install kitchen garbage disposers.

To get the best deal, 13 major brands were invited to compete for a contract. When all the facts were in, General Electric Disposalls® were in.

How did they work out? Ask the Jasper housewives who don't have messy, wet garbage in their kitchens anymore. Ask the teen-agers who've never had to take out the garbage. Or ask about flies and rodents in Jasper. A public-health survey found far fewer around town.

Disposalls are just one way General Electric is helping to move mountains of garbage.

GE people are working on a technique that will use bacteria to convert garbage into food for cattle. On a plant that will use garbage to make electricity. And on a vortex incinerator for the complete combustion of refuse.

General Electric is making progress getting to the bottom of a mounting problem of our environment.

Men helping Man

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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and play no role in policy choice." But he goes on to show how those who decide what facts to present are in a special position of influence. Indeed, "a 'pure' theory of decision making insists that if 'all the facts' are known, the optimum choice becomes apparent." (President Eisenhower used to insist that "all the facts" pertinent to a particular problem be presented to him in a report no longer than one page; he would then make his decision. A wag on his staff used to say, "If I could get in a position to write these one-page reports I could run the country.") It is this position of influence, rather than the occasional embarrassments we suffer from exploded clandestine operations, which draws Mr. Ransom's attention. Espionage and "special operations" services can cause occasional embarrassment, but they are dangerous only when under the direct control of an agency which can influence, if not actually make, policy.

With the eye of a management expert, as well as of a political scientist, Mr. Ransom sees a vast intelligence bureaucracy, topped by the CIA, which has grown up in great confusion over its purpose and functions, with the effect that "the government does not always know what it is doing in the intelligence field." He gives us the historical development of intelligence, including a chapter on British intelligence and our use of it as a model (the author spent a whole year in Britain gathering material), and then he gets down to how intelligence relates to decision making at top levels of our government, how the breakdown of decision-making responsibility at these levels results in the proliferation of competing intelligence organizations under the CIA umbrella, how the competition causes bureaucratic confusion, and how solving the problem of confusion can produce an overly powerful central intelligence authority—and, of course, how any overly powerful central authority, by the nature of things, becomes inefficient and sometimes counterproductive while putting itself beyond the reach of effective governmental controls.

Because of their demonstrable inaccuracies, such books as *The Invisible Government* scare only the innocent and uninformed. Mr. Ransom's book will enlighten anyone, from the reader with a sophisticated understanding of how governments work to an intelligent innocent who knows only what he reads in the newspapers.

Miles Copeland, who helped organize the CIA, disclosed in "The Game of Nations" how it has operated in the United Arab Republic.

Fiction's Refusal to Expire

by CURT LEVIANT

PHANTOMS: A Collection of Stories, by Barton Midwood *(Dutton, 191 pp., $5.95);* **THE LIFE OF RIOT,** by Judith Johnson Sherwin *(Atheneum, 242 pp., $5.95);* **A BIRD IN THE HOUSE,** by Margaret Laurence *(Knopf, 207 pp., $5.95);* **HAPPINESS AND OTHER STORIES,** by Mary Lavin *(Houghton Mifflin, 152 pp., $4.95);* **A TIME TO KEEP AND OTHER STORIES,** by George Mackay Brown *(Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 182 pp., $4.95);* **THE BICYCLE RIDER AND SIX SHORT STORIES,** by Frederick L. Keefe *(Delacorte, 213 pp., $5.95);* **BARBED WIRE AND OTHER STORIES,** by Robert Canzoneri *(Dial, 182 pp., $4.95);* **ALMOST HOME: Collected Stories,** by Jonathan Schwartz *(Doubleday, 225 pp., $5.95);* **THE GIRL WHO SANG WITH THE BEATLES AND OTHER STORIES,** by Robert Hemenway *(Knopf, 209 pp., $4.95)*

Contrary to the Cassandras who continually bemoan the sick state of fiction, the more than ninety stories in the following nine collections indicate the relative well-being of the creative imagination. Although not all the works are uniformly good—indeed, there are a number of imaginative lacunae in them—almost all display a distinctive talent, if only in a fraction of the stories. The styles range from the traditional to the experimental; some limn reality with the keenness of a miniaturist; others—in the minority—blend fantasy and reality. Surprisingly, most of these stories are traditionbound. We might have expected from the declining years of the 1960s a surreal interpretation of events that would in spirit, if not in substance or subject, reflect the disjointed times. Also surprising is the fact that in nearly 100 stories few writers slant experience in a comic mode.

Phantoms, a first short-story collection by Barton Midwood (author of the novel *Bodkin*), has the most sustained comic and imaginative interest. If one cannot tie in emotionally to all these stories, as one does to more traditional realistic fiction, no matter—Midwood's tales stir up in a new way the old-fashioned storybook world where reading is a delight. After entering this realm with its inventive appeal, we wonder if modern fiction has not run its course with uncompromising "verisimilitude," "real-life" situations, and characters that grow little beyond their fictive bounds.

However, imagination and fantasy are not all; Midwood's fictions have the added element of enigma, of which "One's Ship" is typical. Narrated in a relaxed colloquial style, the story tells of a young captain—"the only man for miles around"—who has one and a half billion girl friends. Prior to his sailing, all his women line up to be chosen the one he'll take to sea. He whispers promises to each, then goes off by himself to test the ship. A woman carrying a child appears from below decks; he orders her to board a raft, but she kicks it out to sea. The free man is trapped, saddled by this symbol of domestication and responsibility.

Midwood's sly slant on reality is also demonstrated in "Under the Mount of Saturn," in which Angelo, a garbage man-philosopher, seeks the mystery behind refuse. Unlike others who say evasively, "I work for the city," Angelo is proud of his occupation and declares: "We don't *make* the garbage, you know. It's them that make it. We just collect it. They are the ones that ought to be ashamed." The crucial scene comes when a Jewish garbage-truck driver refuses to give the right of way one morning to a hearse, whose young driver keeps repeating, "I've got the right-of-way," a remark that adumbrates the darker role he is to play later.

The author's comic sense is apparent in "A Thief in the Temples," a story about a couple of bald Lutherans who patronize a hair-growing salon. Since Lutherans don't wear hats in church, the narrator, Angus, wants to convert to Judaism; with a Jewish head-covering he'd be saved from humiliation. The scene where Angus comes to the rabbi (another zany figure) to be converted exemplifies Midwood's style:

> "Rabbi," I say, "I have a problem. Can you spare a few minutes. . . . I have to get married today. Can you do it?"
>
> He is puzzled.
>
> I continue: "I'm not a Jew, you see.

CURT LEVIANT, who has contributed short stories to various periodicals, has been published in *Best American Short Stories.*

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But my fiancée, she has to marry a Jew—d'you understand?"

"Yes. Her parents are pious."

"No, no. She is not a Jew either. She is a Lutheran, like myself."

"Interesting."

"Her parents," I say, "have always wanted her to marry, as they say, a Jewish boy. They have a great, one might say a psychopathic, admiration for your people. . . ."

Another sample of Midwood's offbeat stories is the mistitled "What of It?," a hilarious account of a night crew who doze through their work hours in a mental institution. One morning they awake to find all the inmates gone. After they trick the day shift into coming late so that the responsibility will be theirs, the day shift out-cons the night shift and reports that the inmates are away on an all-day picnic—a game that continues for centuries. The madmen are free, Midwood seems to say, while the keepers of the keys play games in the nuthouse.

A capacity for invention, not as sustained as Midwood's, is also found in Judith Johnson Sherwin's *The Life of Riot*. One of the notable stories in this collection is "These Actions Shall Be Held Proof," a fine comic portrait of a couple in Europe. Mr. Morley has to glut himself with dinners in various cities to get contracts, and Mrs. Morley, a woman who cries easily, seeks out chocolate shops and funerals to give herself the joy of weeping. A person with infinite sentimentality but no sentiment, the wife is constantly being propositioned but uses tears as a form of sexual release.

Mrs. Sherwin's controlled vivacity is not consistent, however; at times her wild muse runs out of control, as it does in "The Fourth Annual Greater New York Revolving-Door Crisis," an overly long satire on protesters who copulate in public places as the ultimate form of protest. But when suggestions of the Vietnam War creep in—bombing New York to stop the protesters—the sharp edge of writing becomes vitiated by sophomoric self-indulgence. A professional patina cloaks the lack of content in most of the other stories, which are incredibly dull.

In contrast to the slightly surreal style of Judith Sherwin, the short stories of Mary Lavin and Margaret Laurence are quite traditional. In *A Bird in the House* the latter recreates the small-town Canadian scene with its middle-class life-ways and by now predictable family characters: the crotchety old grandfather, opinionated, obdurate and often mean, recalled later in tenderness; the long-suffering family and the patient mother; the old-maid aunt who later married; and the sensitive grandchild—Vanessa, the narrator of these stories—in whom traits of the grandfather unconsciously appear. Despite their "reality," the stories and their somewhat condescending rich-white attitudes are reminiscent of the *Life with Father* type of melodrama, whose clichés are by now nearly exhausted. In reading these partly sentimentalized memoirs one gets the feeling that there is nothing new—the Canadian frontier achievement is no different from ours.

The patronizing tone is evident in "The Loons," in which Piquette, a sickly half-Indian girl from a family of outcasts, is invited by Vanessa's father, a doctor, to spend the summer in their vacation cottage. The attitude of Vanessa, who scarcely talks to the girl during the summer, is capsuled in this line: "She [Piquette] existed for me only as a vaguely embarrassing presence, with her hoarse voice and her clumsy limping walk and her grimy cotton dresses that were always miles too long." Four years later Vanessa meets Piquette in a juke-box café. Rouged and dowdy, she is now an animated girl, proud of the young man she is engaged to marry. But—as one would have guessed—Piquette comes to a sorry end. These poor folk from the other side of the tracks *always* do!

Another woman's view of an enclosed little world is provided by veteran short-story writer Mary Lavin, whose special focus is rural Ireland. Low keyed and slight of plot, Miss Lavin's stories accent the complex ironies and conflicting emotions (love-hate, etc.) that pervade human relationships. Her artistry lies in her ability to perpetuate mystery while she is informing, and to sprinkle the elements of religious symbolism unobtrusively into the text, making them integral to it. Of the five stories in the slim volume *Happiness*, the finest by far is the title story, which portrays a young widow obsessed by the goal of happiness—to her the highest human achievement:

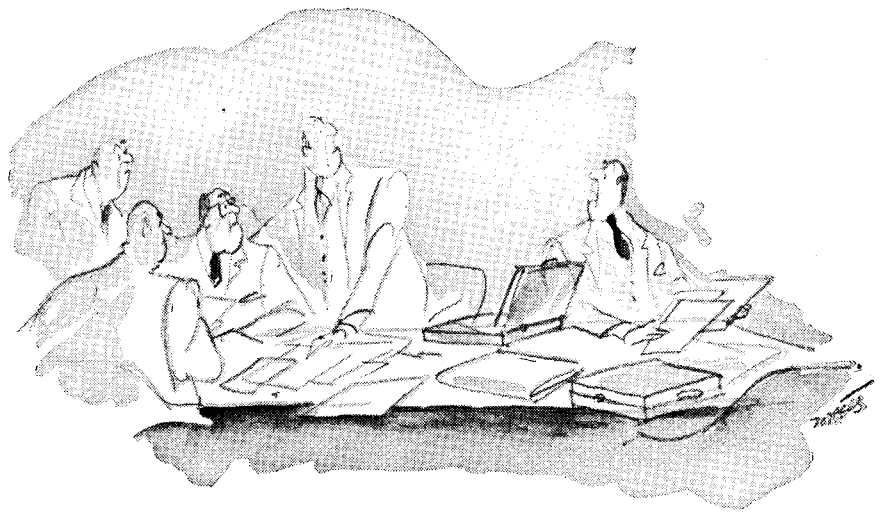
"And we were happy. That's the main thing!"

Father Hugh frowned. "There you go again!" he said.

Mother turned on him. "I don't think you realize the onslaughts that were made upon our happiness! The minute Robert died, they came down on me—cohorts of relatives, friends, even strangers, all draped in black, opening their arms like bats to let me pass into their company. 'Life is a vale of tears,' they said. 'You are privileged to find it out so young!' Ugh! After I staggered on to my feet and began to take hold of life once more, they fell back defeated. And the first day I gave a laugh—pouff, they were blown out like candles. . . ."

One assumes that the woman *is* happy until another perspective is offered by her daughter, Bea. "Sham," she says on one occasion, and during another of her mother's periodic confessions of bliss, frowns behind her back. Ironically, the blessed attribute is finally passed to Bea, the strong, skeptical daughter, who takes the mantle as Elisha did Elijah's.

The placid zones of country life within the British Isles are also explored in *A Time to Keep*, by George Mackay Brown, a Scots author who writes about the people of the Orkney Islands. His stories have an Elizabethan lushness, not so much in language—although Mr. Brown's vocabulary does not lack it—as in authenticity of setting and richness of character, both individually and societally. Brown's scene and his islanders possess a timeless quality, for, although they are contemporary creatures, the rhythms of their life and speech, and their distance from cosmopolitan centers make



"I just figured it out. It seems we're merging with ourselves."

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them seem like figures from two or more generations ago.

The story "Celia" typifies these qualities. Engaged to a fisherman, Celia tends her old ailing stepfather. She is a good-hearted girl, but as a result of her early poverty and hopelessness, escapes through drunkenness to a bright warm world. Thus Celia has a bad reputation in town: men come to drink with her at night; she will keep anyone company for a bottle of whisky.

> "I drink because I'm frightened. . . .I remember my mother and my father. They were like two rocks in the sea. Life might be smooth or rough for me —there was hunger every now and then when the fishing was poor—but the two rocks were always there. I knew every ledge and cranny. I flew between them like a young bird."

One might have thought that this drama was something out of Synge or O'Casey, until Celia, who is articulate about her malaise, questions the existence of God, mentioning the earthquakes in Yugoslavia, the loss of innocent life in Vietnam and in the Warsaw Ghetto. In this brilliant story we see Celia's strengths and weaknesses, and we are not surprised that the author suggests that she will be strong enough to withstand her tragic flaw.

The title story, "A Time to Keep," tells of a hard-working rationalist fisherman in a devout area, and his marriage to a rich merchant's daughter, who accepts the difficult conditions faced by a seacoast wife. The stuff of life—love, toil, birth, and death —is spun out in simple prose that has the effect of a ballad. Within the framework of sea and shore, and with the music of the townsmen's natural language, Brown creates memorable short stories with novelistic scope and depth.

Europe is seen through an American's eyes in Frederick Keefe's *Bicycle Rider*. Revisits to old scenes and recollections of bygone situations provide the main motif of these tales. In several of them Keefe portrays harsh personalities—among them, cruel army officers and an unrelenting priest. "The Woman Who Stayed Where She Was," a masterful combination of two levels of time, depicts without sentimentality a central scene in the past and its aftermath many years later. The narrator returns after the war to a town in Belgium, hoping to find a house where an old woman had given him road directions during the war, and to whom he had given momentary hope. In his search for the house he recalls the scene and then discovers the place and an occupant.

"The Brother" maintains Keefe's stance of reality in remembrance by telling of a soldier torn between his love for a girl and his mother's dying wish that he become a priest. The young woman's letters are countered by those of his brother, who is already a priest. Only during a later visit to Ireland does the narrator find out how the soldier's dilemma is resolved. In the short novel, "The Bicycle Rider," Keefe utilizes many of his fictional devices—the past recalled, a visit to old places, conflict between individuals, wartime displacement, and fleeting friendship. The result is a fine work about a young soldier recuperating in the hospital after a fall. Early in the story he foreshadows his own later relationships by stating:

> Without being aware of it, I was pulling an old trick of mine: coping with a situation by acting as if it didn't exist. My trips [on the bicycle] were nothing more than exercises in self-delusion. I saw nothing I didn't want to see. . . .

He meets a Women's Services volunteer and her clever, manipulative grandson, who arranges a meeting between the soldier and the boy's widowed mother. The young soldier, however, doesn't take full advantage of the situation and becomes an observer rather than a participant—bicycling through life as a tourist.

Whereas unity of tone pervades Keefe's book, Robert Canzoneri's *Barbed Wire* alternates Southern mood tales with imaginative stories of academic life. Despite a few superb selections, the collection as a whole is rather uneven, for some of the stories have a diffuse, lackluster quality; they are not artistically compressed. Perhaps this is because Canzoneri's Southernness is more cerebral than visceral —his South is filtered through an intellected sensibility, seen in calm rather than passion. Nevertheless, in stories like "Moffett" and "The Shadow of Death" the hand of a first-rate storyteller and ironist is evident. The hero of "Moffett" is a fat professor, so much the subject of satire that he is not even graced with a first name. His nemesis is a dumb, attractive, twittering, all-American blonde—a kind of Marilyn Monroe as co-ed—who in her naïve self-denigration thrusts barbs at the professor.

> "The trouble with me is I'm dumb. No, no! Don't deny it." Moffett had shown no hint of denial. "I am. I really am. I can't help it. . . . What do you keep in all those filing cabinets?"
>
> *Moffett did not move.*
>
> "Is it really stuff you've written and nobody will publish? You don't have to be embarrassed about things like that with *me*. I can't write a simple sentence, myself."

"The Shadow of Death" is another tale of academe, rich, rounded and esthetically satisfying. Canzoneri introduces us to Claude Duval, an old retired English professor, from the viewpoint of his middle-aged daughter, who dutifully goes to his house daily to see if he's alive. The author then surprises us. Duval turns out to be not a vapid scholar and dotard, but a lover —he plans marriage with an attractive librarian—and a secret writer of science fiction (everyone assumes he is preparing a work on eighteenth-century wit).

"The Poetess" concerns the confrontation between a lady rhymester and a serious and celebrated poet who writes uninhibited verse. At a poetry reading he makes fun of the gentle matron by sarcastically quoting one of her clichéd poems:

> Love is a morning fresh and bright
> And coming home to house and hearth at night.
> Love is the faint breath of dawn's early light
> And the placid quiet of twilight.

Another writer might have settled for the poetess's defeat. But Canzoneri has the hurt woman take on the Goliath. Here, too, the author turns the tables on the reader, who expects to side with the modern poet but finds himself rooting for the embattled housewife.

Two different views of urban life are reflected in the short stories of Jonathan Schwartz and Robert Hemenway, both of whom are making their literary debuts. In *Almost Home*, Schwartz writes about young men—they are usually thirty—at the beginning of a career, just married or engaged. His stories deal with little toned-down domestic problems without major resolution. Rather humorless and of limited emotional range, the stories—only some of which have verve—reveal that the young writer has not fully burst out of his creative cocoon. One reason for this may be that his subject matter is too close to autobiography. The facts of the jacket blurb are often the facts of the story. This, of course, is the stuff of which most fiction is fashioned, but somehow it becomes a flat mirror of, rather than a special lens on, personal history.

The two most successful stories in the collection are "The Raconteur" and "Dennicker's Love Story." The former deals with an intellectual night-time disc jockey in Boston, whose involve-

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ment with a friend's wife is juxtaposed with fan letters variously commending him for insight, damning him for condescension, and recalling old affairs. The young hero answers only one letter—from a boy in a house of correction—stating that he's leaving the air. Although this story is the most sophisticated in terms of technique—the letters point up interesting ambiguities and richness in the protagonist's character—there is a curiously unresolved quality about it.

"Dennicker's Love Story" approaches young love in Paris without sentimentality. An American who earns his livelihood singing in a Parisian café meets a French girl who is in love with both Paris and him. She decides to come to America with Dennicker, but on the day of departure the boy, ironically enough, partially prepares the groundwork for his own defeat by telling her that she might not like leaving Paris.

> "Monsieur Eric Dennicker," she said, taking his hands in hers, "what I think is this: I must try to learn to live where I am placed down. What is important is how I live inside me. What I make for myself. . . . I can try."

Nevertheless, she disappoints him. A final piquant touch is the moment of hesitation:

> "Take your valise." He gestured toward the baggage.
>
> Ghislaine remained motionless. Dennicker saw that she was crying. He could not get himself to approach her, to touch her.
>
> Then she went to the door, picked up her valise, and slipped out without looking at him again. He could hear her descend the stairs. Perhaps a half a minute later than it should have, the front door squeaked open and slammed shut.

Robert Hemenway's *The Girl Who Sang with the Beatles* deals mostly with lonely couples—or, rather, half couples—in New York City. His heroes and heroines are variations of one basic type: the divorced or separated male who has some vague, mildly prestigious white-collar job—commercial artist, TV studio man, philanthropic foundation official—and the spoiled, divorced, or separated, middle-class female, not particularly knowledgeable but with the bitchiness of the bright. Reading these stories, one feels that he is meeting the same WASPy characters over and over again, with their accent on the drink culture, their self-analysis and confession, their memories, their worries about personal happiness. Hemenway's couples are in a perpetual state of reconciliation and break-up. Their worlds, not even relieved by fantasies, are phony and empty. They face impending marriages or affairs with trepidation; fearing old age or involvement, they cling mindlessly to the moment, oblivious to the world and its problems. One never really knows whether Hemenway's sympathies lie with his people, or whether by constant return to the same basic set of characters he is satirizing them. In any case, these stories are well handled and interesting. Taken individually, one immediately concludes that here is a writer of obvious talent and perspicacity; in a collection, however, the stories seem to coalesce and become one theme with narrow variations.

"Late Show" has the typical separated protagonists. The man lies on the bed in front of the television set and watches his girl friend throwing away garment after garment of an expensive wardrobe. He realizes he cannot afford such a woman:

> "Don't talk about *my* extravagance. You know what *you* are? You're extravagantly *poor*. Don't turn on *me*."
>
> "I'm not turning on you," Peter says wanly. "But how can I afford you?"
>
> "Think about it."
>
> Peter begins to get up off the bed. "I'd better go back," he says. "I'm stoned. I can't talk about it now. . . . You're so extravagant. . . ."
>
> "All right. . . . I'll have to reform."

"The Girl Who Sang with the Beatles," the prize-winning title story, tells of a dull marriage of a mismatched pair, a former English instructor and an erstwhile pop singer. Most everything is credible in this story, except how they got together in the first place. Hemenway attempts an explanation:

> Why had he fallen in love with Cynthia? It was just because she was so *American*, he decided one night. She *liked* canned chili and corned-beef hash, the Academy Awards, cole slaw. . . . She liked them and made faces at them at the same time. . . . Everything he had turned his back on in the name of . . . Lewis Mumford, Paul Goodman, D. H. Lawrence, Henry Miller, Frank Lloyd Wright—here it all was dished up before him in Cynthia.

The couple's lack of communication is pointed up by their constant use of electronic media—TV, stereo—as a form of escape from a genuine interrelationship. Hemenway brilliantly creates the girl's fantasy retrogression until she believes she is a singer with the Beatles, accompanying their records in her living room.

In sum, then, reports of the death of fiction have been greatly exaggerated. Critics have commissioned the coffin and the catafalque, but the corpse has refused to show.

THE COMING DESTRUCTION OF ISRAEL

by Myron S. Kaufmann

Signet Broadside, 128 pp., paper, $1

Reviewed by Dan Kurzman

■ The world faces a crisis today that could possibly turn into a nightmare comparable to the Cuban missile ordeal in 1962. For once again Soviet missiles are aimed threateningly at a Western nation—Israel this time. Although these missiles, unlike the ones in Cuba, are technically "defensive" in nature, if—as Israel alleges—they were deployed during the early days of the cease-fire all but on the banks of the Suez Canal, it may soon be possible for Egyptian forces to cross the waterway and clash with the Israelis in full-scale battle.

Some observers believe their doing so might spark World War III, with the Soviet Union and the Arabs pitted against the United States and Israel. Myron S. Kaufmann is less pessimistic, as suggested by the title of his short paperback potboiler, *The Coming Destruction of Israel*. Israel, he says, will be sacrificed in the interests of world "peace." This, according to Kaufmann, a journalist and the author of two novels, will be the inevitable outcome of American political and military policies —unless these policies are changed drastically and immediately.

Kaufmann paints a chilling picture indeed of what can be expected without such instant change. He points out that the Russians have built a series of

hardened T-shaped missile sites at seven-and-a-half-mile intervals along the Suez front, and could install SAM-3 launchers at these sites virtually overnight. With such air protection, Kaufmann writes, "the amount of bombardment Egypt could throw across the canal would be limitless." And when the Israelis are "sufficiently pulverized, they could expect a visit from the 250,000 Egyptians just across the canal at points of the attackers' choosing."

What if the SAM-3's did not live up to expectations? "In that case the MIG-21J's with their Russian pilots would be on hand." And they are "more maneuverable than anything available to the Israelis." By last June, Kaufmann stresses, "there were approximately as many Russian-piloted MIG-21J's in Egypt as the total number of

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supersonic craft in the Israeli air force, more were on the way, and there was nothing to stop the Russians from doubling or tripling this number if they should consider it desirable." Further, with Soviet saturation of the skies, the Egyptians—and other Arabs—could presumably sweep through Israel.

Nor does Kaufmann believe that the USSR wishes anything less than the total destruction of the Jewish State. He thus disagrees with observers who think that Russia simply wants to "keep things stirred up" in the Middle East so that the Arabs will agree to her continued presence in this strategic region. What Moscow wants, he says, is to remove entirely the Israeli roadblock cutting off Egypt from the Arabian Peninsula and the oil lands bordering the Persian Gulf. The Soviet Union, he says, hopes to use Egypt as a tool with which to control that whole oil-rich area in the wake of British withdrawal and thereby gain a tremendous advantage in the geopolitical struggle with the West.

The tragedy, as Kaufmann sees it, is that the United States is blind to Soviet designs and is ready to appease Moscow for the sake of temporary peace—at the expense of Israel. The State Department, he claims, was willing to pressure Israel into making all kinds of concessions to the Arabs—but, ironically enough, was turned down by the USSR, which did not want Washington to look good in Arab eyes. Kaufmann even points to a "school of thought" in the State Department that is "not averse to the destruction of Israel by the Russians" on the grounds that, "with Israel out of the way, the United States would be free to counter the Russians with a straightforward pitch for Arab favor."

In any event, Kaufmann is convinced that if a Russian-Arab offensive does get under way, the United States will do nothing substantial to stop it for fear of setting off another world war—and that the Soviets are counting on such American timidity. The only way the United States can save Israel, as well as Saudi Arabia and the whole Arabian Peninsula, he feels, is to warn Russia immediately in no uncertain terms that unilateral intervention will not be tolerated, and to back up this warning with a strengthened American naval presence, whatever the Arab reaction. After all, he argues, if the USSR won control of the oil-producing areas —and she would, he insists, with Israel dead—of what value would a pro-Arab posture be? It is a question that mocks those Western oil interests which have for so long advocated such a posture.

Kaufmann offers a logical case, but he could have made it stronger if he had qualified his assertions somewhat. The reader may wonder how the author can know with such certainty what is on Russia's mind. After all, even former Prime Minister Ben-Gurion has said he doesn't think Russia wants to destroy Israel, only to use her. Moreover, the Soviet Union probably assumes that Israel has a nuclear capability which she might well tap if pushed hopelessly into a corner. On the other hand, with so much at stake, Moscow *cannot* assume that the United States will simply stand by while Israel—and the oil—go down the drain, even though American policy may be feeble and confused at the moment.

Still, the Soviet Union may have as an ultimate goal the objective Kaufmann ascribes to her, feeling she can lose little by edging toward it to the extent that the United States permits. And up to now, the United States, while trying so hard to prove that she is not a "pitiful helpless giant" in a section of Asia that is of secondary strategic importance to her, has been pitifully permissive in an area that is profoundly vital to her security.

Dan Kurzman is the author of the newly published "Genesis 1948: The First Arab-Israeli War."

NATO:
The Transatlantic Bargain

by Harlan Cleveland

Harper & Row, 204 pp., $6.95

DETENTE DIPLOMACY:
United States and European Security in the 1970's

by Timothy W. Stanley and Darnell M. Whitt

University Press of Cambridge, Mass./ Dunellen, 170 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Nicholas King

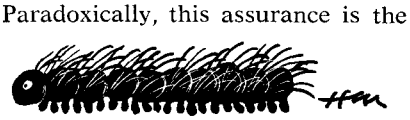
■ In these low-profile days of American foreign policy when the country's attention is concentrated on an array of domestic furies, the Atlantic "movement" of the last twenty-five years seems fairly remote. NATO officials go on broadcasting warnings about Soviet arms production to sympathetic journalists, but theirs is the increasingly lonely spirit of postwar thinking. As long as the publics of the West are assured, foolishly or not, that the Russians are not going to launch missiles against them tomorrow, there won't be too much worrying over the Atlantic Alliance.

Paradoxically, this assurance is the greatest tribute NATO could be paid, for it is the result of more than twenty years of successful vigilance. The trouble is that vigilance is not a glamorous or even a self-sustaining form of activity. People grow bored with it as soon as the danger, in this case Soviet aggression in Western Europe, appears to have subsided. NATO, being a totally defensive coalition of powers, rapidly acquired the state of mind of a twentieth-century Holy Alliance devised to resist revolutionary terror but lapsing inevitably into a preservation society for the status quo. The fact that General de Gaulle was able to remove one of NATO's most important components with utter impunity, getting rid of American troops in France into the bargain, is no testimonal to the dynamism of such an organization. And the Russian invasion of Czechoslovakia two years ago showed that the Atlantic allies were solid in respecting the Central European Soviet stake-out. One wonders how NATO would react to a communist uprising in Luxembourg.

Lastly, NATO, like all the American-promoted organizations designed in one way or another to create order and cohesion in Western Europe, has never realized one of its broadest purposes—that is, as an instrument of European evolution and conciliation. Its conception included more than a mere military defense perimeter, more than just a circle of buffalo facing outward in the falling snow against a pack of attacking wolves. Even last year President Nixon was calling on the Alliance to grapple with the challenges of modern society (yes, environment included). NATO, unfortunately, remains a doggedly military organization.

Harlan Cleveland, who served as American Ambassador to NATO during the difficult years from 1965 to 1969, presents a skillful and vigorous brief for the Alliance, and explains its working in detail. He points out that Europe, and not Vietnam, is the real security issue for the United States, and that our military posture in Europe is, therefore, of capital importance. He perhaps downgrades too much de Gaulle's withdrawal (which he had to deal with), but his enthusiasm for the survival of the Alliance is adequately convincing. Nevertheless, the present NATO headquarters in a suburban field outside of Brussels is not quite the same thing as the proud building at the end of the Avenue Foch in Paris.

Mr. Cleveland asserts, with technical accuracy, that Europe is the most peaceful continent in the world, more or less because of NATO, which means that people do not shoot at each other with any regularity. But it does not mean that we can yet see an end to the European "civil war" which John Fos-



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ter Dulles, for one, always talked about, a war or series of wars which had torn highly civilized and closely related peoples apart for centuries. Overt warfare among Europeans has been banished for the moment, but national divisions and jealousies, in the East as in the West, continue to run deep. The Common Market provides an excellent example.

The educated style of Ambassador Cleveland is not matched by the authors of *Detente Diplomacy: United States and European Security in the 1970's*, even though they had a pre-publication peek at his manuscript. Dr. Timothy Stanley and Mr. Darnell Whitt romp along the course of European history since World War II in a manner that is at once breathless and muscle-bound. Their book, published under the auspices of the Atlantic Council of the United States, is a useful way of boning up on past events but, like the standard encyclopedia article, it provides little for the informed and too much for the ignorant. Their principal idea, a mutual reduction of forces by NATO and the Warsaw Pact, is unoriginal and fuzzily presented. And what is the pretenfion of a book on diplomacy that is researched only from "public sources"—in other words, files open to the world? Couldn't the State Department have shown them one classified telegram? If "public sources" is a cover to protect the passing of state secrets, it wasn't worth it. This is a typical foundation book, and why it needed two authors is a mystery.

Nicholas King was press attaché for the U.S. Embassy in Paris from 1963-69. Prior to that he was an editorial writer for the New York Herald Tribune.

FRAZER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT No. 1414

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1414 will be found in the next issue.

OSQEZEPT IS WA DOIAFFD-

CDWFA DT IS WA HSROZ SRI.

—STBEM QDFZA

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1413

There is nothing more horrible than imagination without taste.
—GOETHE.

Labor's Days

Continued from page 22

union. Thus began the American Newspaper Guild.

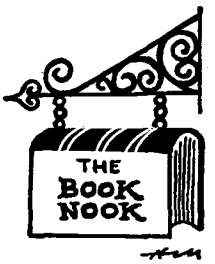
It was 1933, the worst year of the Depression. Slowly the reporters and editorial writers learned that only a union of their own making would serve their needs. Chapters at various newspapers across the country were formed, strikes were staged, and with great anguish hostile owners gradually came to terms. Reporters who preferred a professional society had to learn the hard way that only collective bargaining could provide safeguards—a genteel professionalism did not pay the rent. It was an experience that was to be repeated again and again, especially by such groups as teachers. The American Newspaper Guild was the start of white-collar unionism, a story that Leab details in scholarly fashion, with footnotes, interviews, and documentation. His history will remain the authoritative source on the origins of the ANG for years to come.

The Reuther biography displays a more popular format. I read it first in page proof and, like any academic, was disturbed that no references were cited in the text. However, the bound copy does list chapter references, archival materials, and numerous interviews, which are sufficiently full to satisfy the most meticulous of scholars. The authors, two reputable newspapermen, had the manuscript checked by one longtime Reuther associate and by Victor Reuther, a United Auto Workers official. Although Cormier and Eaton insist that their book is not an official biography, it does read at times like one. Virtue was all on Walter's side and short shrift is made of occasional critics.

But the authors could not write in any other way. Set against the backdrop of the entire labor movement, who shall assert that virtue was not with Reuther? His humane conception of the trade unions was at odds with the common version that most American unionists accepted. He believed deeply that a union's function extended beyond the work place, that it had to fulfill, so far as possible, all the needs of its members, and that, of all the institutions in America, unions had a major claim on social responsibility. It was far too radical a view for most trade-union leaders.

Surely the American trade-union movement is better for Walter Reuther's thirty-five years of service, a service that ended brutally in a plane crash this year. He demonstrated that "business unionism," with its invitation to complacency and corruption, need not be the sole shape that the labor movement must assume. Reuther fought vigorously to improve the workers' lot, beginning with his arduous effort to eliminate the industrial totalitarianism that had been fostered by General Motors and Ford. And, though there was little he could do to obliterate the oppressiveness of the assembly line, he did bring dignity and a sense of place to the auto worker. Reuther was possessed of enough energy, ideas, and dynamism to almost single-handedly alter the nature of collective bargaining in America. He was the one man whom business potentates feared; that alone was the mark of his achievement. A missed runway last May, and one of the nation's great men was dead.

What of labor's future? Most experts foresee that organization of white-collar and public workers is the frontier. The changing structure of the economy—the shift to services and the



increasing importance of government—means more workers in public occupations. Like blue-collar workers in the 1940s and 1950s, public workers are asking for security, adequate pay, and the right to obtain redress of grievances; they will seek satisfaction through unions and bargaining. Should legislators deny these rights, more disruption and stoppages will be created than the public will care to endure.

With a larger number of black members unions are likely to be pushed into affirmative positions on civil rights and related issues. Some union leaders may resist, urging a slow pace, but the social and political activity of the trade-union movement will be heightened. And the demands of young workers will have to be met: as on campuses, young trade unionists are challenging their elders and are asking for a larger voice in deciding their own futures. We may very well witness striking changes in labor in the next decade. To be sure, matters of wages and working conditions will still command priority, but public workers, blacks, and youthful trade unionists will want more than bread and butter.

I'm certain that Hutchinson, Bok, Dunlop, Leab, Cormier, Eaton, and others would like to see it that way. And it is as Walter Reuther, too, would have wanted it.

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People vs. Food

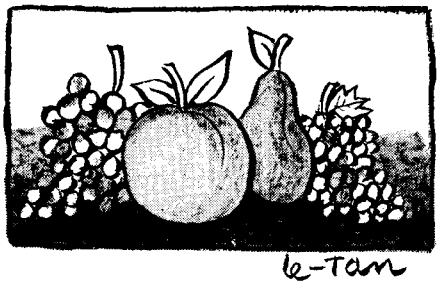
Continued from page 14

nomic, and resource competence of the developed world to provide the marginal assistance necessary if: a) financial support to contraceptive research techniques is fully adequate; b) private investment in the production of agricultural inputs in underdeveloped countries is encouraged by public guarantees; c) public loans on concessional terms are assured for the interim purchase of agricultural inputs by the less developed countries from the developed ones; d) technical assistance in modernizing labor-intensive agriculture is consistently provided; e) military assistance and economic support for political reasons are abandoned.

These are the minimal conditions for an orderly approach by the United States to the third millennium. But even these conditions conceal two implicit assumptions: first, that world population growth can be brought to zero by the year 2000; second, that a world population of roughly seven billion can sustain itself thereafter by recycling its wastes and drawing carefully upon remaining resources.

Neither assumption, at this distance, rests on anything much more substantial than hope. But, if population growth in the less developed countries is to be brought to zero in the next thirty years, it is clear that there must be a major technical advance in contraceptive methods, comparable to that which has occurred in agriculture; and it seems probable that the application of contraceptive methods in those countries will require greater social pressures than are now regarded as tolerable.

As to the possibilities after the year 2000, we can only revise a very ancient question: "Can man, by taking thought, add one cubit to his stature?" becomes, "Can man, by taking thought, perpetuate his species?" For the present, in the developing countries, the question is more modest: Can they, by changing real priorities, improve the ratio of food to people? And will the affluent world assist at the critical margins of the process?



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TV-Radio

Robert Lewis Shayon

Choosing the Investigators

LAST YEAR the Surgeon General of the United States was given approximately a million dollars to try to find out, definitively, whether violence on television harms children. In all likelihood, when the results are released in another year or so, the project will have turned out to be mostly a political ploy and an academic boondoggle. But the taxpayers will have gotten their money's worth if Congress acts to correct unwarranted procedures in the appointment of scientific advisory committees to carry out such studies for the Department of Health, Education and Welfare.

HEW officials now may—and in two cases did—permit industries to veto nominations for committees investigating them. The broadcasting industry was given that opportunity in the selection of members for the Surgeon General's Advisory Committee on Television and Social Behavior (the violence study); the tobacco industry was tendered the same privilege in the appointment of the Surgeon General's Committee on Smoking and Health.

In the latter case, public health groups (American Cancer Society and American Heart Association) were also permitted to veto proposed advisers employed by the tobacco industry. So a satisfactory "neutral" committee was assembled. In the violence project there was no such balancing by any public interest groups, and if this trend is allowed to continue it may escalate into significant areas where true impartiality is even more important than in the TV violence case—drugs, automobiles, pollution, misleading advertising, to name a few.

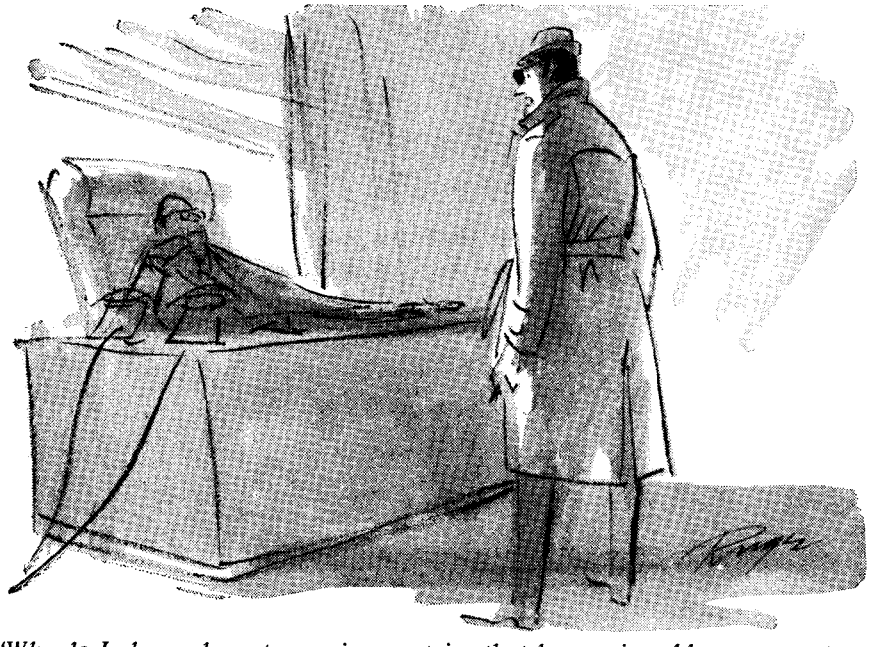
The National Institute of Mental Health (NIMH) was asked to do the staff work in the violence investigation. It solicited nominations for the scientific advisers, and a panel of forty names was ultimately sent to CBS, NBC, ABC, and the National Association of Broadcasters. The TV industry was invited by former HEW Secretary Robert Finch "to indicate any doubts [it] might have concerning the scientific impartiality of any of the individuals on that list." Frank Stanton, for CBS, wisely declined to indicate any preferences, but the other organizations objected to seven names—all of whom were dropped. The seven social scientists who were blackballed by the broadcasting industry either had published research that indicated some connection between TV violence and children's aggression or had taken public positions in some way critical of industry practices regarding violence.

On the other hand, of the twelve advisers finally chosen for the committee, two are research directors for NBC and CBS, and three others are or have been employed as network consultants. Indeed, informed persons have speculated that one member of the committee may have participated in the blackballing of those whose names were eliminated.

When a group of fellows at the Center for Advanced Study in the Behavioral Sciences took public alarm at the method of selection, Secretary Finch replied that it was not standard practice at HEW to invite review of scientific advisers by the industry affected. The procedure had been adopted in these two exceptional cases to "protect the government" from charges of bias In the violence study HEW was also sensitive to "the First Amendment rights of the television industry." An NIMH official added that it was advisable to have industry representatives on the advisory committee because the project envisioned original research, and network cooperation would be helpful. Douglas Fuchs, the former project coordinator for NIMH (who resigned in protest over the "compromised" investigation) told me that when requests were made to the two network members for help in securing materials for study, neither was able to deliver. "They were neither more nor less helpful," Fuchs said, "than any ordinary committee member; they had no magic appeal."

Secretary Finch said that "the government was looking for individuals without a previous commitment to one side of the controversy or another." He also said: "Where consideration of scientific viewpoint is appropriate, every effort is made to achieve an effective balance of all major viewpoints on the committee." It would seem that neither principle was applied in the selection of the TV violence advisers. The whole story is most unfortunate. Able people are on the committee, and some useful research may result, although it is absurd to expect that a crash program can satisfactorily solve a controversy over TV's violence that has bedeviled social scientists for twenty years. In any case, the project is contaminated. To be saved, the committee should be reconstituted, or the industry research directors should resign. One member, Anthony Wallace, chairman of the Department of Anthropology at the University of Pennsylvania, did resign when he found out about the blackballing procedure.

As for the greater danger, a House subcommittee (chaired by Representative John S. Monagan of Connecticut) soon will issue a report on hearings involving the selection of government advisory committees. Hopefully, that report will recommend fair treatment not only for industries involved but also for the First Amendment rights of the public at large.



"Why do I always have to spy in countries that have miserable restaurants, no night life, third-rate opera, and a dull, proletarian-oriented propaganda theater?"

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SR Goes to the Movies

Arthur Knight

The Off-Broadway Movie

THERE IS a lot of what we critics like to refer to as internal evidence to suggest that Robert Downey's *Pound* was originally conceived as an Off-Broadway play—possibly even a one-act Off-Broadway play. Quite apart from its springboard notion of dogs going into a city pound and turning into people (hardly a concept calculated to set the commercial pulses racing for any Broadway producer I know), there is its schematized single setting, with a little "opening out" to oblige the camera, and, perhaps above all, the reliance on an idea, rather than either a star or a story, to bring in the customers. Whether or not *Pound* was originally written as an Off-Broadway play, however, it has certainly been turned into an Off-Broadway movie.

Like the Off-Broadway play, the Off-Broadway movie is one that studiously avoids the contemporary successful clichés—hoping, one often suspects, that it can develop new clichés of its own that will insure its commercial success. The low budget is not only a necessity for getting the picture produced in the first place; it becomes a badge of honor that is flaunted, along with the absence of star names, as a mark of incorruptibility and refusal to compromise. Unfortunately for Robert Downey, his badges of honor cannot be supplemented with a certificate of merit.

The truth is that *Pound*, once its initial idea has been implanted, has nowhere else to go, and a foolish subplot about a "Honky Killer" merely prolongs its getting there. There are momentary *frissons* of delight at characters who are all too recognizably a Mexican Hairless (Laurence Wolf) or a Pekingese Bitch (Lucille Rogers), and a few easy laughs as they circle and sniff each other muttering lines whose main humor is a kind of reverse anthropomorphism. But after that, one begins to admire merely the stylishly stylized setting and the modishly mod photography. And when appreciation must descend to that level, the picture is in trouble. There were those who wondered if Downey, for all his satiric talents, really knew what he wanted to say in last year's *Putney Swope*. *Pound* strongly suggests that he didn't, that he is a man willing to settle for cleverness and damn the consequences. But *Putney Swope*, at least, had those funny lampoons of the TV commercial going for it. *Pound* goes to the dogs in its first reel, and stays there.

Joe, which has been getting quite a lot of attention lately, represents another kind of Off-Broadway movie. Whereas Downey's film is Off-Broadway because of the very special nature of its subject matter, *Joe*, produced by the relatively parvenu Cannon Group (most of whose executives are under thirty), represents that kind of Off-Broadway production that hopes, through shock and pertinence, to move uptown. In this regard, *Joe* has made it resoundingly. It has pulled not only strong New York reviews, but—even more important from Cannon's point of view—strong audience support.

There are at least two reasons. One is Norman Wexler's unique turn to a familiar plot. A man who, in a fit of rage, has murdered the junkie who sent his teen-age daughter on a bum trip inadvertently gives himself away. But he has given himself away to a blue-collar worker, Joe, who not only refuses to turn the situation to his own advantage but openly admires the man for what he has done. In fact, this exponent of the "hard hat" philosophy is all too eager to go out and kill more junkies, more hippies—and some blacks as well, if he can find the proper pretext.

The other thing that makes *Joe* so memorable is Peter Boyle's performance in the title role. Some critics have already compared him to Brando, which strikes me as an exaggeration; but within his sturdy, pot-bellied, muscular frame there is a pride in masculinity and a strangled desire to articulate his own standards. Because Boyle makes an utter monster seem convincingly an ordinary man who walks among us, the effect is quite demoralizing—and might have been more so had not the script degenerated into sheer melodrama in the final reel. Even so, *Joe*'s confrontation of blue-collar vs. white-collar across the generation gap rings a good deal truer than most of the on-Broadway, studio-made movies that have been tackling the same subject these days.

"Our nest egg is now a goose egg."

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The Fine Arts

Katharine Kuh

Walter Arensberg and Marcel Duchamp

"How one would love to know what Duchamp thought of the Arensbergs," wrote John Walker, director emeritus of the National Gallery of Art, in a past issue of *SR*. What Duchamp thought was never recorded, nor was it likely to be, for he was not one to show his hand, but some twenty years ago I spent several weeks with Walter and Louise Arensberg when Duchamp was visiting in their Hollywood home. If fragmentary memories of those days do not provide definitive information on Duchamp's private opinions, they do, at least, reveal something about the quixotic collector, Walter Arensberg.

He and his wife had known Duchamp for many years, but since leaving New York and settling in Hollywood they saw him infrequently, a serious deprivation for Walter, who found Marcel equally stimulating as a person and an artist. Indeed, I can remember no one he consistently referred to with as much affection or respect. And this was unusual, because Arensberg's private likes and dislikes were highly volatile. The friend he revered one week could be peremptorily cast out the next; his enthusiasms were prodigious, but so too were his doubts.

At the California house, Duchamp was always present in principle if not in person, for his most important paintings spear-headed the Arensbergs' pioneer collection of twentieth-century art, a collection that stressed superb concentrations of the Cubists, Dadaists, Klee, Miró, and, above all, Brancusi and Duchamp. These works—many of which Marcel had tracked down for the Arensbergs long before the men who made them became household words—were eventually left to the Philadelphia Museum of Art, where they can now be seen in less cluttered but, alas, less charismatic surroundings. From the Arensbergs' entrance hall, glowing with Brancusi's voluptuous brass *Princess*, to the butler's pantry with its Futurist painting by Joseph Stella, to the smallest closet dense with pictures, that house was nirvana for me. It was full of unexplained mysteries and delights from which I have never fully recovered, although in the end I was banished from it as were so many others. Duchamp alone seems to have survived the ups and downs of that mercurial ménage.

His visit, which lasted about a week, was I believe the first he had made to the Hollywood house, and thus the first chance for him to see his own work after many years. I was in the living room when he arrived. There and in an adjoining garden room he dispassionately examined everything in sight, including paintings by his colleagues and key ones he himself had produced in another life some thirty-five years earlier. Here were his three versions of the *Nude Descending a Staircase*, the *Chess Players*, *The King and Queen Surrounded by Swift Nudes*, *The Bride*, two versions of the *Chocolate Grinder*, plus a few less radical works, preparatory sketches, "Ready-Mades," and his only unbroken glass. He looked quietly, intently, the Arensbergs nervously following his slightest move. Finally, turning to *The King and Queen*, he said, "This one still holds up." And that was all. What he thought about his other paintings he kept to himself.

A sad postscript: Early in 1970 one of the *Chocolate Grinders* and a 1910 Cézannesque portrait of the artist's father were inexplicably lost en route to a show in New York. Most important was the *Chocolate Grinder*, a subtle forerunner of Pop art—and one of the first experiments to handle a commonplace object with the same deference that Poussin might have brought to a goddess or Piero to a saint. (As *SR* goes to press, we hear that both stolen works have been recovered.)

I recall a day at the Arensbergs' shortly before Duchamp arrived when I was upstairs working on a projected catalogue of the collection. I heard shouts below; Walter was calling his wife. "Lou, Lou, see what I've got!" He was beside himself, prancing around the living room in an absolute ecstasy. And there on a fine Oriental rug (the house was full of them, and of strange tattered curtains) stood two newly acquired Brancusis: *Torso of a Young Man* in wood and a small version of *The Fish*. Both came from next door where the dealer Earl Stendahl lived in lordly fashion and operated a quite fantastic gallery devoted to splendid examples of modern art and to mountains of pre-Columbian stone carvings and terra-cotta sculpture, some in relatively good condition, some literally in pieces. Just how Stendahl maneuvered this vast and I should judge forbidden cargo across the border was never fully explained. Once Duchamp and I went with Walter to see Stendahl's workshop, where a European craftsman was patching, restoring, reconstituting, and repairing masks, idols, sun-gods, and Tarascan dogs. Duchamp, impenetrable as always, observed everything and said nothing, although at one point I thought I heard him muttering, "*Dangereux, dangereux.*" No dealer could have asked for a more convenient neighbor than Walter Arensberg, who made daily excursions to the house next door and rarely came back empty-handed. As Duchamp might have said, it was a perfect "Ready-Made."

Arensberg always reminded me of the finest vintage champagne: heady, slightly biting, demanding, temperamental, and effervescent. He changed his mind not from day to day, but from hour to hour, so one never knew whether there would be a warm hand clasp or a frigid dismissal. Earlier, he had been a poet and journalist, but during the years I knew him he was absorbed in proving that Bacon had written Shakespeare. He also expended untold energy debating where he should leave his collection. There was scarcely a day he did not receive important museum directors, trustees, or university presidents who were competing for his favor, all of which I think he immensely enjoyed. Leading his victims on unmercifully, he charmed them with his courtly manners, but he left them dangling. This problem of the collection's final disposition (the Arensbergs had no children) naturally concerned Duchamp since his greatest works were involved. He found Walter's cat-and-mouse technique a bit unnerving.

One entire upstairs section of the house was reserved for the Bacon-Shakespeare enterprise. Here, like human computers, several ladies were forever dealing with some kind of mathematical codes. I never could figure out what they were doing, but in a confidential moment Arensberg told me that seven years of work once had to be thrown out because of a single incorrect number that had escaped detection all that time. I believe he had even hoped to investigate the grave of

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one or the other of those famous gentlemen in order to unearth corroborating data. In conversation, instead of referring to Bacon by name, Arensberg substituted "the writer of Shakespeare's plays."

Louise Arensberg was delicate, taut, and strong-minded, but for some reason always seemed to be wringing her hands. It was as if she nursed some nameless grief. Friends hinted she had sparked the move to California in order to rescue Walter from the excitement, late hours, and convivial life of New York, where Duchamp's electrifying presence may have interfered with the seclusion she wanted. Not just Duchamp came night after night to the Arensbergs' but many other members of the avant-garde: Picabia, Man Ray, Joseph Stella, Charles Demuth, and Morton Schamberg, each of whom was later well represented on the walls of the Hollywood house. Edgard Varèse, Isadora Duncan, and William Carlos Williams were also frequent visitors. Pre-Dadaist little reviews and startling new exhibitions were launched there, while every conceivable facet of contemporary thought was argued from dinner to dawn. During a few brief years, the Arensbergs' apartment acted as the most provocative salon New York City has known, unless later the Cedar Bar could also qualify. In 1913, when the Armory Show dumfounded New York, the Arensbergs were living in or near Boston. Walter visited the exhibition, was transfixed by it, and actually forgot to go home for several days. The following year the Arensbergs moved to New York, where Duchamp stayed with them from time to time. I often wondered whether Walter's obsession with Bacon was a compensation for the life he renounced or for the poetry he ceased to write.

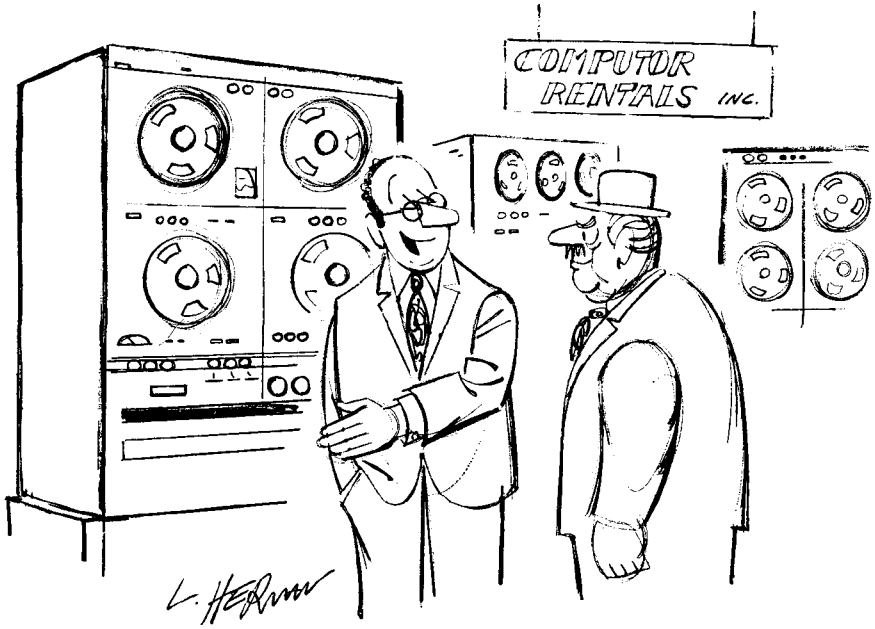
Duchamp threaded his way through these vague tensions with the cool grace that distinguished everything he did. I was charmed to find chocolate bars on his bedside table when I catalogued works in his room. There were also paintings under the bed, for, large as the house was, its walls could not accommodate the omnigenous collection. Suspecting the diet of dates and nuts the Arensbergs favored was inadequate (I must confess I was often hungry myself), I asked Duchamp if that explained the Hershey bars. He assured me they were a habit of his, an endearing habit I thought for the twentieth century's most cerebral artist. The Arensberg house was far from any store. I never quite figured out how a new supply of chocolates appeared each day. At that time Hollywood was the movie capital of the world, a vulgar, commercialized hubbub in a beautiful setting. No two men could have been more alien to this garish scene than Duchamp and Arensberg. The latter claimed he and his wife settled there precisely because the atmosphere was so antipathetic to any form of time-consuming sociability. He used to say, "I love to live in a vacuum."

Before dinner each evening Arensberg disappeared, returning with outsize highball glasses filled with a little bourbon, a lot of ginger ale, and a touch of ice. Yet, even this could not quench the investigative conversations that took place at meals. I remember one luncheon of cheese, dates, and nuts (the only person I ever encountered more addicted to health food was also a collector—the Baroness Gourgaud, who ate quantities of what looked like uncooked grass). Discussion that day turned to the accidental in art, a phenomenon Duchamp considered basic. For him the planned and the unplanned interacted dynamically as they contradicted each other. Arensberg, less convinced, felt the accidental only seemed accidental—that it was actually always predetermined, even if unconsciously. Duchamp mentioned his own experiment, *3 stoppages étalon*, where he had allowed threads to fall spontaneously and then become the source of an anti-artistic arrangement. Wasn't this a salute to the accidental? he asked, but Arensberg felt it was a conceptual idea that Duchamp, and only Duchamp, could have instigated. The way the threads fell was accidental, he admitted; yet the impulse to create an accident was not by chance. On and on they went, probing, questioning, and examining every ideographic nuance. Walter Arensberg searched for hidden meanings (usually erotic ones) in paintings and sculpture; Duchamp found them intuitively, for, after all, he was the artist par excellence who had created the climate for hidden meanings.

Arensberg took Duchamp and me on a sightseeing trip around Los Angeles with specific emphasis on Frank Lloyd Wright's buildings. Arensberg's contempt for this architect, whom he considered an impostor, was acute. Duchamp remained impervious but attentive no matter how emotional Walter's outbursts. More remarkable was the artist's *sang-froid* in the face of Arensberg's driving habits. As our host boiled over at the thought of Wright, his handling of the car became more and more eccentric, for at tense moments he usually removed both hands from the wheel in order to regale us with proper gesticulations. Duchamp listened, responded, and apparently never noticed our mortal danger, or was not averse to it.

The artist, with impeccably good manners, moved in and out of the house so silently I doubt if the Arensbergs knew that almost daily he was seeing his old friend Man Ray, who at that time was living nearby, but who was not welcome because of a recent falling-out with Walter. Duchamp pursued his own way without fanfare or aggression, but one felt that no one, not even the tumultuous Walter Arensberg, could divert him. The week of Duchamp's visit was a shot in the arm for Arensberg. Both men were iconoclasts. They seemed to understand and complement each other. It was impossible to know what Duchamp

(*Continued on page* 58)



"This model will do the work of four conscientious employees or nineteen relatives."

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Booked for Travel

Horace Sutton

Some Fancy Capework

THE SEA DUNKERS, the weekend fishermen down from Boston for a mess of cod, the shrinks from New York holed up in the marsh grass and dunes of Truro, the weirdos prancing along Commercial Street in Provincetown, and other assorted migrants who fetch up on the flanks of Cape Cod in summer are not paying much attention, but a big hoo-ha is under way to commemorate the arrival of the Mayflower there 350 years ago this fall.

The Pilgrims' ship made its first landfall off Provincetown in November of 1620 and sent an open boat ashore to look for a place to set up housekeeping in the New World. Eventually the shallop with its advance party decided upon Plymouth and sailed the seventeen miles across the bay to get the Mayflower. But it was in Provincetown harbor that the members of the party signed the Mayflower Compact, which some historians see as a foundation of the American democracy that was to follow more than a century and a half later. While the Mayflower lay in the harbor, Peregrine White appeared, the first white child born in New England.

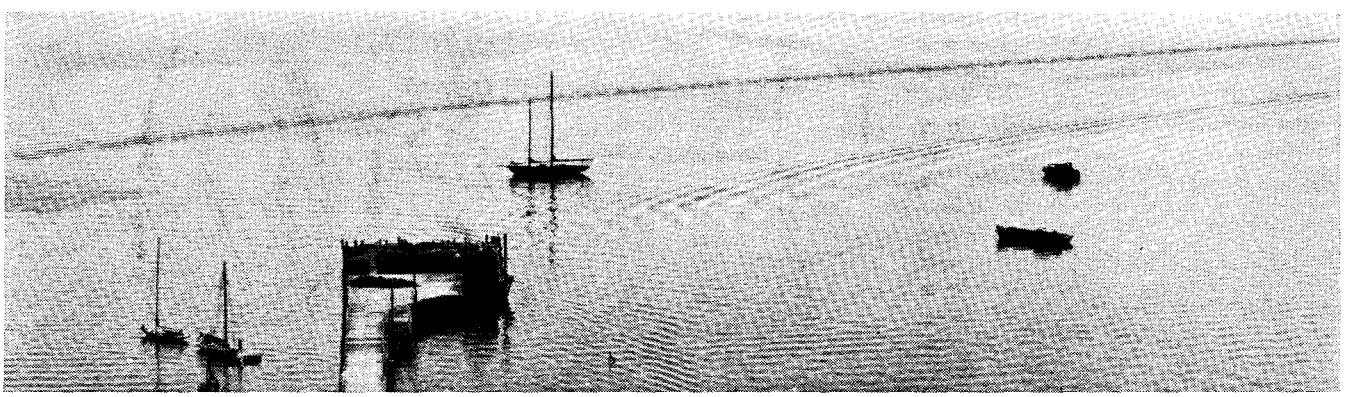
To mark these momentous happenings, a tower was built, the tallest pile of granite in the whole United States, its cornerstone laid in the presence of President Theodore Roosevelt, its finished shaft dedicated in the ample presence of President Taft. For obtuse reasons known only to public officials, the tower is a replica of the tower of Siena in Italy, a monument with which, as far as I can determine, the Pilgrims had no connection. Anyone who wants to hoof it to the top can get a good look at Cape Cod, Coddish fog permitting, of course. Even more entrancing to a nontower climber is the new diorama in the adjoining museum that shows the Pilgrim fathers signing the Mayflower Compact in a cabin of the ship, while on deck the Pilgrim mothers are holding up their children to see Provincetown harbor, their first look at America. Trippers who come to the Provincetown Museum, a mixed bag of memorabilia about whaling, shells, and shipwrecks, must hold up their children to get a look at the diorama, which, with artful planning, has been placed just high enough to be above the eye line of anyone shorter than an overvitaminized fourteen-year-old.

Cape Cod has changed considerably since the arrival of the Pilgrims. Thrust out into the Atlantic, prey to its winds and its tides and its storms, as fragile in places—and as temporary—as a sand bar, it has in time changed its topography ten dozen times or more. The phenomena of its nearness to the sea and its proximity to the large centers of population in the Northeast have made it a popular place of pilgrimage for more than sixty years. Even though they come only during the few short vacation months, the summer people have had their effect on the Cape, too, which until recently seemed as if it would become one long, if oddly shaped, hot dog stand.

As long ago as 1955 the National Park Service conducted a survey of the seashores of the Atlantic and Gulf coasts. Considering the Cape's historic significance and its geological distinctions, the surveyors urged it be given a priority rating to be included within the National Park System. When Congress considered it during the early Sixties the cries of objection were loud, shrill, and unabating. Some carping and catcalls can still be heard. Nonetheless, the Cape Cod National Seashore was authorized by Congress, and President Kennedy, an old Cape Codder, signed it into law on August 7, 1961. It was the first national seashore to have passed into protective federal hands since Cape Hatteras in 1936, and the forerunner for an accelerated program to set aside national shore lines as well as inland parks for the people's pleasure.

Although Congress authorized 27,650 acres for the Cape Cod National Seashore, all the $16-million that was appropriated has been spent to obtain and develop the 16,400 acres that now comprise the preserve. It is as partitioned as Pakistan, with four separate areas now running the Cape from its very tip near Provincetown down to the Salt Pond Visitors Center above Eastham. All of it exudes that low-profile, low-key, modulated style of the National Park Service. The rangers, even the part-time summer rangers, are never in a flap, no matter the crowds. With unfailing affability and never a hint of patronizing the untutored, they inoculate the streams of visitors with history, geology, botany, biology, and even local lore. The summer program this year has included walks, talks, trips, and demonstrations. Children are guided on a one-mile walk around Salt Pond and a mile-and-a-half trek around Race Point near Provincetown. Rangers take visitors on explorations of the tidal flats, on walks along the dunes of Pilgrim Lake, where privately owned shanties—some of the 500 homesites that still exist within the limits of the park—huddle in the shoulders of the sand, trying to evade the jabbing winds off the Atlantic.

Under the federal eye an art teacher conducts sketching trips; demonstrations are given of bird carving and scrimshaw engraving, the art of idle whalers; surfboard riding, the art of idle youth; and Cape Cod surf casting, a thankless art that produces tired muscles and blessed few fish. Geology and oceanography are the topics for lectures in the Salt Pond Amphitheater at night, and so are such less heady subjects as the Pilgrims and their exploration of the Cape, and a history of



—*Block (Monkmeyer)*

Cape Cod—Japanese sunsets over the dunes, shrinks in the marsh grass, trackless piles that belong to Beau Geste, lapses of man cloaked in the dusk.

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ANNOUNCING THE

Saturday Review

EIGHTEENTH ANNUAL

World Travel Photo Contest

Two Grand Prizes

Color winner:

Round-Trip to New Zealand

Black-and-white winner:

Round-Trip to Paris

PLUS 18 ADDITIONAL CASH PRIZES

Award-winning photographs will again be featured in Saturday Review's annual World Travel Calendar issue. This issue, appearing January 2, 1971, will report forthcoming events of major importance to tourists during the coming year in fifty countries.

The Calendar issue will be fully illustrated by the World Travel Awards photographs.

The winning pictures will be chosen by the following judges, all distinguished in the field of photography:

Norman Cousins—Editor, *Saturday Review*.

Norris Harkness—Past President, Photographic Society of America.

Ken Heyman—Photographer, author and world traveler.

Grace M. Mayer—Curator, Edward J. Steichen Archive, Department of Photography, The Museum of Modern Art.

Margaret R. Weiss—Photography Editor, *Saturday Review*.

The important thing is to read the complete rules and start sending in your entries now.

Deadline for entries is September 15, 1970.

Contest Rules

1. The contest is strictly for amateur photographers. Anyone is eligible except employees of Saturday Review and The McCall Publishing Co., members of their families, and individuals who personally, or any members of whose families, are engaged in the manufacture, sale, commercial finishing, or professional use of photographic goods.

2. Pictures must have been taken after May 30, 1969, in a locale visited on a vacation or business trip away from home.

3. Black-and-white photographs
   a. Prints must be submitted in glossy prints 8x10 unmounted.
   b. On the back of the photograph must appear: name and address of photographer; make of camera and film used in taking the picture; date and place it was shot.
   c. Developing and printing may be done by a photofinisher or the entrant. No composite pictures such as multiple printing or montages are eligible. No art-work or retouching on prints or negatives from which they are made is permitted.
   d. No negatives should be submitted.
   e. No black-and-white prints will be returned.

4. Color photographs
   a. Color pictures may be submitted as either transparency OR print. Do not submit a transparency and print of the same picture.
   b. Transparencies must be originals and must be mounted in cardboard only.
   c. Color prints must be no larger than 8x10 and unmounted.
   d. Stereos are eligible. Only one transparency need be sent.
   e. The same data must be given as specified above for black-and-white prints and must be written on the mount of each transparency or on the back of each print.
   f. Transparencies and color prints will be returned only if accompanied by return postage: a minimum of 12 cents, in stamps or coin. **Do not send self-addressed envelopes.**

5. Saturday Review assumes no responsibility for negatives, prints or transparencies, but reserves the right to publish within its own pages as part of the Awards competition any pictures submitted, whether winners or not.

6. To enter the contest, mail no more than one black-and-white **or** one color picture to this magazine's World Travel Photo Contest. All entries must be postmarked no later than September 15, 1970, to be eligible for judging. **IMPORTANT: No more than one picture may be submitted by any one entrant.**

7. Pictures will be judged on photographic quality and originality in choice and treatment of subject. The decision of the judges will be final.

8. Before receiving a final prize, the entrant must sign a statement that his picture, or any closely similar picture of the same subject or situation, has not been and will not be entered by him in any photographic contest other than the one conducted by this magazine without permission of Saturday Review, and has not been and will not be offerred for publication in any manner prior to January 2, 1971. Saturday Review retains first publication rights on winning pictures and the right to use them for promotional purposes.

DEADLINE SEPTEMBER 15, 1970 *Saturday Review* **380 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017**

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Cape Cod shipping billed as "Three Hundred Years Before the Mast."

Some of this store of seaside knowledge is on public show in the Salt Pond Visitors Center, which displays examples of such Cape inhabitants as the fiddler crab, the marshfire glasswort, the castanet shell, the great piddock, the stout razor, and the false angelwing. Bartholomew Gosnold, who sailed by in 1602, named the Cape for the many codfish he found, but they were considered something of an annoyance in colonial times. In 1830 somebody with a refined palate decided they were agreeable and they came into demand. Cod, in its native habitat, now costs a dollar a pound.

As plentful as was the cod, the whale was the big fish of these parts, or as William Morrell of the Plymouth Colony said in a momentous utterance in 1623: "The mighty whale doth in these harbors whose oyle the careful merchant deare will buy." The mighty whalers were soon off in search of the mighty prey, boiling the blubber for oyle and selling the baleen for whalebone corseting to keep madame's spillage from overflowing.

Dune buggy guides, who take passengers cruising over the sand piles, sometimes mention Eugene O'Neill and a seaside shack, since relinquished to the storms, in which some of his writing may have been done. The Provincetown Museum has programs from The Wharf Players in 1924, pictures of O'Neill in 1921, and the program from his first play, *Bound East for Cardiff*, in its 1952 production.

The National Park Service has resurrected the memory of Guglielmo Marconi, the son of a Bolognese businessman, who arrived in Provincetown in the winter of 1901 and set up a station for wireless transmitting at the narrow neck of the Cape at South Wellfleet. It was his hope to send a message from the Cape to Newfoundland and then to England.

In South Wellfleet Marconi lived in Holbrook House, the only hotel (the town is not exactly overrunning the landscape now), but quahog chowder was not his dish, and he had his wines and his food sent down from Boston. By January 1903 Teddy Roosevelt and Edward VII had exchanged cordial messages sent directly without relay from South Wellfleet to Poldhu, England.

The National Park Service has put up a scale model of the Marconi station on the dunes at South Wellfleet, and a plaque marks the site where the first transatlantic message was sent. The Italian government, which had earlier refused to underwrite his inventions, has since rallied 'round, talks now of presenting some fitting memorial to its son.

Although the Cape's cuisine has improved since Marconi's time, precious few memorial tablets are about to be erected, at least by me, to its mode of hotelkeeping. I will concede that there must be exceptions—perhaps the Provincetown Inn, open all year around, is one—but living motel-style on Cape Cod is camping out. The most artful science practiced by the Cape's motel keepers is creating beautiful brochures and post cards which don't live up to reality. Beaches are often scrabbly, tennis courts unrolled—the bartender doubles as the tennis "pro" at Wequasset Inn in East Harwich—and swimming pools are often milky and untended. The one at Horizons in North Truro reeked so pungently of old fish one might as well have leaped into a pot of bouillabaisse. College help, often untrained, provides the labor pool for most motels through the short summer season. Switchboards frequently are left unmanned by the summer help, who are uncertain how to run them anyway and bewildered by the litany required to place a long-distance call to a town eight miles away. One young thing filling the summer gap before returning to her sophomore year this fall swung around, somewhat glazed from a bout with the switchboard at a seaside motel, and faced me with a mouthful of pizza. The only link with professional innkeeping in the three motels in which I stayed during a fortnight's foray on the Cape were the rates, from $28 to $30 a night for two.

Engaging an efficiency, as a room with a minuscule kitchenette is misnamed, we spent one sunlit eventide—there being a paucity of pots—warming soup in the coffee percolator, cooking beans in the lone pot, which had been placed in a frying pan full of water. It was a make-do double boiler. With the beans warmed, we quickly dumped the water and fried the hamburgers. If a stray noodle left over from the soup floated in the coffee next morning, who could complain? It was only costing $28 a day and raining.

One fares better in a rented cottage, or in the restaurants, of which there is a plenitude, so many, in fact, that I left many a maison of highly touted gastronomy untested—Chillingsworth in Barnstable and Méditerranée in North Truro to mention two oversights that nettle me. I did dine well, and handsomely, at Whitman House in North Truro, and well, if less handsomely, at the Governor Prence, high on a dunetop. The Moors, looking out to land's end at Provincetown, is as dour to look at as the inside of the Mayflower, which it resembles, but the waiters are gay enough to relieve the dark-beamed interiors. The fare is highly accented in Portuguese, or at least emigrated Portuguese: fish sauteed in wine, tomatoes, onions, and garlic; and *porco em vinho de Alhos*, which is to say pork chops marinated until they sing on cue.

The interludes I remember are the day we climbed the dunes until we were far from the tumblers and cavorters who will one day perform similar public contortions on Muscle Beach. We stood alone on some trackless piles that belong to Beau Geste, and looked out over the grass tufts and green patches to a broken shack leaning far akilter among the green-carpeted hillocks where the coarse grass takes over and holds the dunes. Only here and there were the wine bottles left from some bygone bacchanal and the Bud cans, still red and white, that eased a summer's thirst and were left behind to jar the solitude with the realization that someone had truly been here before us.

All those lapses of man are cloaked in the dusk when the day recedes into the horizon. I rode the duneside route in the gloaming one night where in the meadows a score of horsemen were stealing the last glints of daylight to practice their jumps over the barriers. The fog rolled in over the salt marsh that has been called "that quiet moment between land and sea," and one could look straight out at the sinking sun, orange and vermilion all at once, stylized and Japanese, filtered through the haze of a thousand scrims.

WIT TWISTER #180

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

When she _ _ _ _ _ _ her
quiet country place
To live amid the _ _ _ _ _ _
of the town,
She called to mind her _ _ _ _
_ _ aster's face
To help her fight the city's drabness down
Then _ _ _ _ _ _ their remembered magic lent
Until she thought she breathed
their _ _ _ _ _ _ scent.

—A.S.

(*Answer on page* 55)

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Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

New Menu at the Bowl; Jazz in Brubecksville

LOS ANGELES.

ACCORDING TO a custom that has prevailed here over a fifty-year span, the great natural amphitheater off Highland Avenue is once again resounding these summer nights to the sound of music as well as the honking of horns and the shuffle of feet announcing the arrival of those assembling to hear it. But, in addition to such names as Joan Sutherland and Beverly Sills, Isaac Stern and Leonard Pennario, a new identity is taking top billing at the venerable Hollywood Bowl.

To be sure, it is not the first summer that Ernest Fleischmann, German-born, South African-educated manager of the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra, has been identified with the continuing effort to people the Bowl with enough attendants to fund a manageable year-round deficit. But it is the first summer that the Bowl has become sufficiently identified with Fleischmann's particular blend of enterprise to acquire a total character at least partially his own.

This has meant, as is the nature of any new total, subtractions as well as additions. Gone is the picturesque reflecting pool that has long provided a bridge of light and color from the stage to the rising tiers of seats. Gone, too, is the familiar frame for the stage itself. In neither case has subtraction resulted in improvement. And the addition of a plain ugly, board covering to replace the shimmering play of light on water and a flimsy series of cylindrical pillars (cardboard, for the while) in place of the old frame have done nothing to add eye appeal. The contention is that the new stage arrangement will eventually benefit the amplified sound, but this remains to be proved. Among new creature comforts is an extended restaurant facility to encourage early attendance, and picnickers are likewise welcome to enjoy the boons of uncluttered parking. There are also 50-cent hot dogs and 30-cent popcorn for late-comers who choose to eat as they run to their seats.

For the most part, the artistic menu has remained the same, but it, too, has had its share of alteration. The most drastic change has been the addition of what may be called the Fleischmann Club Sandwich. This consists of an upper and bottom layer of solid symphonic bread, surrounding a highly seasoned, not to say exotic, filler. During the present mid-August week it has provided the additional fillip of slices from the Italian (Vivaldi) and French (Berlioz) bakery stuffed with the curry and chutney of Ravi Shankar's ragas. Whether this is digestible or otherwise would depend on the individual. For me, there was as much gustatory as geographical distance between the opening Vivaldi Concerto in C (with two solo trumpets) and the closing *Symphonie fantastique* of Berlioz, by way of the Shankar ensemble.

Doubtless, the promise of Shankar's redoubtable artistry on sitar and the masterful drumming of Alla Rakha drew a quantity of enthusiasts who would have not turned out for Vivaldi or Berlioz, even less been turned on by them. This may, from the Fleischmann viewpoint, be self-justifying, especially when joined to the premise that it is in this way that fresh interest in the symphonic repertory is cultivated. But it is doubtful that even better performances than were heard under Lawrence Foster's direction (the solo playing of Robert di Vall and Thomas Stevens in the Vivaldi was decidedly ragged; the Berlioz insufficiently rehearsed) would have served a proselytizing purpose.

As an instance in itself, the combination of Vivaldi, Berlioz, and Ravi Shankar was far from indefensible: It abounded at least in quality. But one Fleischmann Club Sandwich hardly makes a menu. Also in prospect is a mix of violinist Pinchas Zukerman and the Deep Purple ensemble. This, too, suggests that the substance of what is being served in the Bowl is being subtly, or not so subtly, diluted, its traditional charm, picturesqueness, and character dissipated.

One hour away, and 400 miles to the north, it was also August, but with the difference that distinguishes San Francisco from Los Angeles. Among other, more profound unlikenesses, there is no organized musical effort akin to the Bowl, and the visitor takes his chances. However, past experience has proved that such chance-taking is hardly a gamble.

The blind promise of some celebrated jazz names was a lure to a venture called the Concord Summer Festival, and it proved to be worth not only the nearly thirty-mile drive above and beyond Oakland, but even the asking price of $6.50 for a ticket (parking was free, but the program charge was another dollar). The names, for the opening night, were as good as the Red Norvo-Peanuts Hucko Quintet, the Earl Hines Quartet, and the inner circle of the "World's Greatest Jazz Band"; with Oscar Peterson, Erroll Garner, and Dave Brubeck later in the sequence, not to mention the San Francisco Symphony conducted by Arthur Fiedler.

Despite the formidable names, the Concord Festival abides in anything but formidable surroundings, no small part of its present charm. A temporary stage (well served both for lighting and amplification) has been pitched in a spacious park adjoining the playing fields of the local high school, and folding chairs serve the affluent. Others in the crowd of nearly 2,000 spread themselves on the surrounding lawns, and the knowing ones, who had provided themselves with blankets, parkas, sleeping bags, or other insulation against the forty-five degree chill, were comfortable enough.

So too were the musicians. The informality of the surroundings generated the contacts that make sparks fly, resulting in one of those evenings when things happen. No sooner had Hucko glided his clarinet effortlessly into the opening measures of "Avalon," echoed at the piano by the long-practiced Johnny Guarneri, than Norvo fell in with a dazzling vibes passage soundly backed by Nick Fatool on drums. From then on it was one felicity after another, whether the agenda called for "The Sheik of Araby," Fats Waller's "Stealin' Apples," or "A Closer Walk with Thee." Ray Leatherwood held up the bass end well.

When this group dashed off to a plane headed, doubtless, to Denver, where Hucko-Norvo now have their home base, Hines took his place at the piano and quickly put the order of music it yielded beyond comparison. Concord happens to be the place where Dave Brubeck learned his musical ABCs, which may be why Gerry Mulligan and Paul Desmond, of his original group, are rejoining him for an evening during the second week's schedule. It also happens to be a place where people like music, and where people from around the Bay Area who like music are welcome. This was immediately evident in the response to the Hucko-Norvo group, even more so in the avid attention to Hines's order of pianistic magic. I don't know what the corporeal Richard Rodgers was doing at about midnight EDT of Friday, August 21, but when Hines was blending his thoughts on "Manhattan" and "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue" with those of drummer Khalil Mhadi and bassist Larry Richardson, his spirit was soaring high in the California night.

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ENVIRONMENT
and the Quality of Life

A Missing Ingredient

One of the paradoxes of the current popular striving to better the quality of life is the rarity with which the social sciences are appealed to as potential agents of reform. Most of the problems man encounters in dealing with his environment are, at bottom, problems of human behavior; yet behavioral specialists have offered precious little toward cleaning up the prevailing mess. Hardly more than a handful of research projects in the behavioral disciplines have been funded by the Ford, Rockefeller, and National Science foundations, in spite of the spirited bush-beatings these sources have engaged in. And a spokesman for the Social Science Research Council, which is supposed to represent the elite of the elite of these professions, answered a recent query by saying that the council's prestige was not involved in a single contribution to the environmental crusade.

This peculiar neglect has escaped general notice. So it is gratifying to observe that it has caught the attention of the Council on Environmental Quality in the Office of the President of the United States. CEQ's first annual report, published on August 10, referred to the future in these words:

> We do not know . . . how people react to changes in their environment. The challenge to the social sciences is to develop entirely new gauges to measure environmental stress. What do crowding, urban noise, and automation do to man?

Without mentioning any particular one of the social sciences by name, the CEQ report catalogued major environmental problems, to the solution of which three different disciplines could significantly contribute.

FIRST, economics: by devising systems of fees to be charged against polluters of water, air, and land in proportion to the burden their pollutants impose on society. Also by designing new taxes that will encourage inclusion of esthetic factors in formulas for development of land.

Historically, CEQ pointed out, environmental pollution has been controlled by regulation, with certain prohibitions enunciated and penalties assessed for infraction of the rules. "But there is considerable debate whether regulation represents the best course of action." Instead of laying blame for environmental degradation on selfish profit seekers, it would be more reasonable to blame misplaced incentives in our economic system, CEQ said. "Our price system fails to take into account the environmental damage that the polluter inflicts on others. Economists call these damages—which are very real—'external social costs.' They reflect the ability of one entity, e.g., a company, to use water or air as a free resource for waste disposal, while others pay the cost in contaminated air or water. If there were a way to make the price structure shoulder these external costs—taxing the firm for the amount of discharge, for instance—then the price for the goods and services produced would reflect these costs. Failing this, goods whose production spawns pollution are greatly underpriced because the purchaser does not pay for pollution abatement that would prevent environmental damage. Not only does this failure encourage pollution, but it warps the price structure. A price structure that took environmental degradation into account would cause a shift in prices, hence a shift in consumer preferences, and, to some extent, discourage buying pollution-producing products."

SECOND, political science: by inventing new public institutions, especially in the area of federal-state-local government relationships, to stimulate state initiative, such as that California exercised in identifying the gasoline-fueled automobile as the major producer of smog.

43 A Missing Ingredient,
an editorial by John Lear
44 The Orbiting Junkyard
by David R. Hager
47 Danger of Cancer in Food
by Jean Carper
50 An Optimistic Outlook
by Edwin Newman, a review of "Technopolis" by Nigel Calder
51 Why Do People Move?
by Paul R. Ehrlich and John P. Holdren
52 Saving Our Landmarks
by Wolf Von Eckardt
54 Earth Watch
56 Letters to the Environment Editor

CEQ expressed its respect for California's pioneering by including this among its recommendations: "The program for development of an unconventional vehicle propulsion system (e.g., steam, gas turbine, or hybrid) should be accelerated to assure that the technology will be available if conventional [that is, gasoline-fueled] propulsion systems are incapable of meeting increasingly stringent federal standards" for exhaust fume emission.

THIRD, sociology: by working out patterns of public participation in activities designed to train the technicians of tomorrow's antipollution measures.

The CEQ report estimated that jobs for 28,000 new waste water treatment plant operators and technicians would open up over the next five years and that 36,500 operators and technicians must be retrained to higher skills. Last year, 981 operators were trained in fifteen states and Puerto Rico; during 1970, training of 2,800 operators is scheduled in thirty states.

Only if generous use is made of skills latent in all the social sciences will it be possible, in any reasonably short time span, to formulate the national policies that CEQ called for, on the use of land, the use of energy, and the movement of people about their daily affairs without fear of strangulation by smog.

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor.

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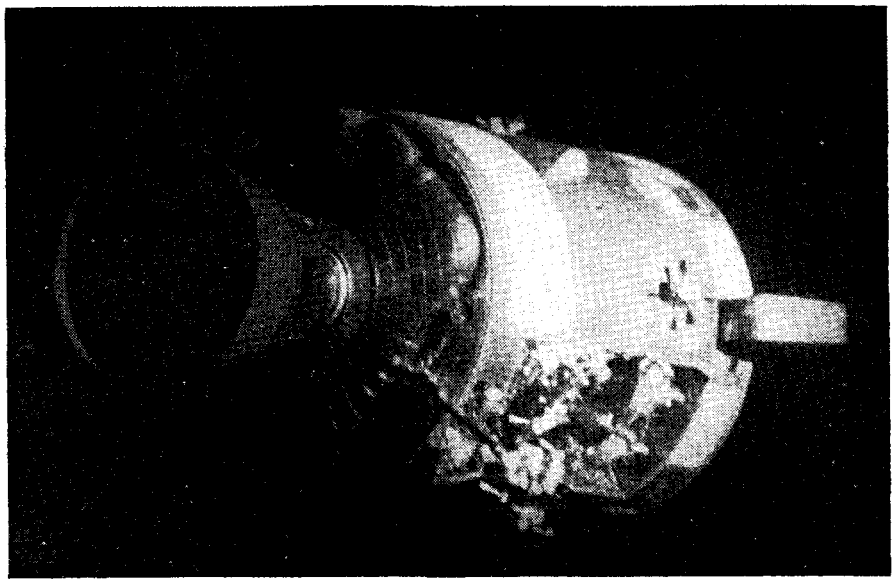
THE ORBITING JUNKYARD



—NASA

A space age discard: "Apollo 13's" crippled mother ship.

Thousands of space derelicts float overhead, constituting a continuing hazard to the earth dwellers below.

by DAVID R. HAGER

Since October 4, 1957, when *Sputnik I* opened the age of extra-terrestrial space exploration, an ever increasing number of objects have been put into orbit around the Earth or dispatched on deeper probings of the universe. Their life-spans range from a few hours to centuries. During the first decade of the new era, more than 3,000 separate items were introduced into space. According to the North American Air Defense Command's (NORAD) Space Defense Center, more than 1,800 objects were actually adrift in August 1970. Of that number, more than 1,400 were classified by NORAD as "Earth-orbiting debris." This space junk category includes satellites that no longer perform useful functions, rocket bodies, burned-out motors, pieces of launch mechanisms, discarded spacecraft, such as the lunar module, and a vast miscellany of fragments and jettisoned paraphernalia. At least 1,000 pieces of litter are the result of the American space program, while the Soviet Union and France have contributed the remainder. By far the most famous bit of space scrap was added to the orbiting junk heap in July 1969: *Apollo 11*'s lunar module *Eagle*, which landed the first astronauts on the moon's surface.

Space debris poses a very real danger to the safety of nations, their populations, and the success of future space exploration. The existence of space junk creates situations ranging in seriousness from damage to persons and property when such objects re-enter the Earth's atmosphere to the possibility of accidental war.

It has been NORAD's constant mission to maintain systematic surveillance of orbiting objects in order to prevent misidentifying any of them as incoming ICBM warheads. During the Cuban missile crisis of 1962, a shooting war was averted by NORAD's ability to differentiate between an unsuccessful Russian Mars probe and an ICBM.

Already NORAD has been assigned the task of predicting whether an orbital path is free to receive a newly launched spacecraft. Before *Apollo 13* took off, for example, the Space Defense Center consulted a computer to make sure that none of the 1,843 items then in orbit would hamper the moon flight.

Re-entry of space debris into Earth's atmosphere is a greater hazard than might be supposed. Up to August 1969, nearly 2,000 objects—many of them unexpected—plummeted from space and struck the Earth. As the number of nations capable of rocketry grows—as it recently has with the addition of Japan and the People's Republic of China—the amount of space junk will increase and with it the probability of accident either during descent through the atmosphere or at the Earth's surface.

Near collisions between space debris and aircraft are already on record. A jettisoned booster from *Apollo 10* came within four miles of a New Zealand airliner. Passengers and crew were able to view its explosion and disintegration. Air crews have been concerned enough over the problem to form the Volunteer Flight Officers Network (VFON), which relays re-entry warnings on a world-wide basis to pilots and collects reports of incidents observed in flight.

Impact of space junk on the Earth's surface has caused some accidents. These had not been anticipated at the beginning of the space age. Then it was generally assumed that spent spacecraft and associated hardware would disintegrate and be incinerated by friction with Earth's atmosphere. Some chance of accidental re-entry was foreseen, but it was held to be a remote possibility. It was believed that a spacecraft could land intact only through the use of heat-resistant metals, heat-shielding or ablative materials, special design configurations, and precisely calculated re-entry paths. Successful re-entry was also dependent on such factors as the angle of first incidence with the upper atmosphere, orbital velocity, and structural strength. Originally, these refinements were reserved for manned experiments such as Mercury, Vostok, and Gemini, but they have since been applied across the spectrum of space research. The inescapable conclusion is that as time passes and design and construction techniques become more

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sophisticated, a progressively larger percentage of vehicles may survive re-entry. Even though early warning systems can predict approximate times and places of impact, an element of chance still remains; unexpected damage could be visited on Earth from space. The eventual addition of nuclear-powered rockets further complicates the problem. The mere chance of their re-entry is enough to suggest international action to mitigate harmful effects.

A brief review of some of the impact incidents may help to define the problems of outer space pollution while indicating the legal complexities in this most bothersome aspect of space history.

The first incident that brought to light space vehicles' potential for causing unexpected damage and injury took place in 1947. A captured German V-2 rocket was fired from the White Sands Missile Range and landed about one mile south of Juarez, Chihuahua, Mexico.

In 1957, radar traced the rocket carrier of *Sputnik I* close to the Earth's surface over Siberia, where it was assumed the carrier crashed. The Russians gave no report of the impact or of any related damage.

In the following year other occurrences involved the heavy rockets that carried the next two *Sputnik*s into orbit. The carrier of *Sputnik II*, which had orbited a 1,100-pound payload, unexpectedly re-entered the atmosphere over the Caribbean Sea. Observers reported that pieces of the disintegrating rocket body were visible at an altitude of less than 300,000 feet. Later in the same year, the carrier of *Sputnik III* crashed into the Pacific Ocean. This vehicle was estimated to be more than ninety feet in length and more than two tons in weight.

One of the most widely publicized cases of space junk damage took place on November 30, 1960, as the result of an aborted attempt by the United States to place two navigation satellites in orbit. The rocket booster carrying these satellites failed to function properly, and despite the fact that the launch vehicle was destroyed by the range safety officer at Cape Canaveral (now Cape Kennedy) several fragments crashed in Oriente Province in Cuba. Cuban military authorities reported recovering two complete spheres along with their protective shieldings. Each of these spheres weighed forty pounds. Although it was originally stated that no damage took place as a result of the impact, a later Cuban report alleged that serious damage had been done to land and livestock. A Cuban cow apparently was the first victim of a space debris accident.

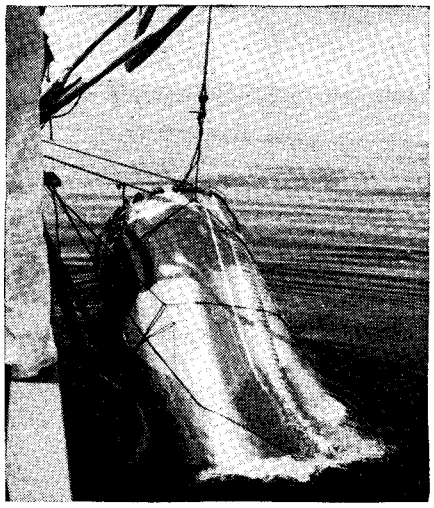
Fragments of the Atlas booster that lifted John Glenn's *Friendship* 7 into orbit fell onto a South African farm. The largest piece, approximately two by three feet and weighing three pounds, was identified by General Dynamics Corporation, which built the Atlas, as a portion of the skin of the fuel tank of a missile that was part of the Mercury launch vehicle. Positive identification was made on the basis of markings stamped into the metal of the debris and by its metallurgical analysis. The fragment was found some eight hours after the launch, following a series of explosions similar to sonic booms.

During the meeting of the U.N. Committee on the Peaceful Uses of Outer Space in 1962, the problem of space junk damage was dramatized by Francis Plimpton, the U.S. representative, who displayed before the committee a twenty-pound metal object that had been found imbedded in the center line of a street in Manitowoc, Wisconsin. It was reported that on the night of September 5, 1962, more than a score of objects had fallen along a 100-mile-long line running northwest from Milwaukee. In addition to the twenty-pound steel object, identified by the Smithsonian Astrophysical Laboratory as a piece of *Sputnik IV*, Plimpton showed other fragments, including a bronze spring that had seared the grass on a golf course north of Milwaukee, and a number of metal beads that fell on the roof of a church in Manitowoc.

Plimpton invited the Soviet representative, Planton Morozov, to examine the twenty-pound object, which Plimpton offered to return to the U.S.S.R. Morozov did not accept the offer, characterizing it as "a diversion" and accusing the United States of a "lack of interest in the general principles governing the uses of outer space." Not until January 8, 1963, did the Soviet Embassy in Washington retrieve the fragment from the U.S. State Department, thereby tacitly admitting Soviet ownership.

A charred metal sphere about fifteen inches in diameter and weighing ten pounds was discovered at a remote sheep station in New South Wales, Australia, in April 1963. Australian scientists established that the object was part of a spacecraft, but because of the equipment contained in the sphere refused to identify its country of origin. No damage was reported as a result of the impact.

Another similar incident was recorded in connection with the flight of the *Gemini* 5 space vehicle launched

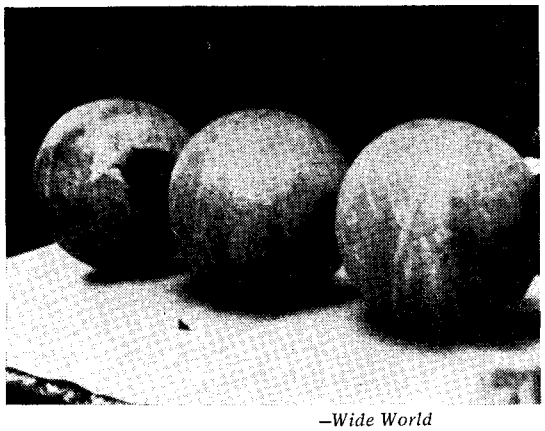


—*NASA*

Seventeen-foot-long section of "Gemini V" launching rocket after its return to Earth.

—*NASA*

Second stage of "Gemini VII," photographed adrift in space three days before it fell from the sky over the Indian Ocean.



—*Wide World*

These three heavy metal spheres, found near Seville, Spain, are believed to be debris from a Soviet spacecraft or rocket that disintegrated as it re-entered the atmosphere. Spanish scientific experts say the spheres appear to be pressure tanks and have numbers and letters on them in the Russian alphabet. Except for the hole visible in one, they are undamaged.

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by the United States in August 1965. It was reported that a twenty-foot section of the rocket's first-stage booster made an unscheduled re-entry into the South Atlantic Ocean. The bulk of the nearly 100-foot-long missile body shattered on impact. It should be noted that a returning object the size of the rocket booster might easily create damage equivalent to that of the crash of a commercial airliner.

The Spanish government reported in 1966 that it had recovered a damaged object, identified as a compressed oxygen cylinder. The object was alleged to have been part of a Soviet spacecraft. There was no impact damage in this case because the cylinder fell in an open field.

The year of man's conquest of the moon also saw one of the more spectacular space junk accidents. A Japanese merchant ship was struck by a fragment of a Soviet satellite that had unexpectedly managed to survive re-entry. The incident prompted the Japanese Ambassador to the United Nations, Senjin Tsuruoka, to speak of the seriousness of the "space junk" problem. During a televised interview related to the *Apollo 11* moon mission, the Ambassador stressed Japan's concern over the problem and its position that a treaty on liability for such damages caused by space junk should be concluded as quickly as possible in the United Nations.

The record supports the contention that space debris poses a very real danger to the global community and therefore requires a concerted effort toward solution. The solution demands a twofold approach.

First, governments should apply the same scientific and technical ingenuity they demonstrate in their national space programs to finding the means by which useless objects can be removed, disposed of, or salvaged from space. For example, it would seem that the reported Soviet satellite destroyer could be modified to aid in eliminating outer space pollution.

The international community will have an opportunity to pursue the subject of cleaning up the environment of outer space at the U.N.-sponsored World Conference on the Human Environment to be held in Sweden in June of 1972. The pollution of outer space certainly should be on the agenda at that conference.

Second, attention must be given to establishing an effective system of international law for protection against the effects of re-entering space debris. This second approach appears closer to realization than the first. At the present time the U.N. Committee on the Peaceful Uses of Outer Space has before it five different treaties submitted by Belgium, Hungary, India, Italy, and the United States dealing specifically with the problem of liability for injury and damage caused by objects launched into space. The U.N. Space Committee has moved slowly toward agreement since 1962, when the problem was first introduced by the United States, but has not been able to complete work on a final draft. The committee's work needs to be revitalized, and the member states should develop the same "sense of urgency" on the matter as the General Assembly voiced in its last three sessions when it passed a resolution relating to the peaceful uses of outer space. In 1968, then U.S. Representative to the United Nations James Russell Wiggins emphasized to the Space Committee the importance of settling the issues involved in the treaty. He pointed out that "the time for discussion has passed; the time for real negotiation is long overdue."

'If seven maids with seven mops/Swept it for half a year,/Do you suppose,' the Walrus said,/'That they could get it clear?'/ 'I doubt it,' said the Carpenter,/And shed a bitter tear.

On the legal level, action must go beyond the generalities of Articles VI and VII of the 1967 Outer Space Treaty, which make a state internationally responsible for the effects of its space activity. A convention similar to those presently governing liability for damage caused by aircraft is needed before a more serious accident occurs and before precedents of settlement are established by unilateral action.

A workable agreement must include provisions governing the concept of liability to be applied, payment and limits of compensation, the definition of damage and injury, the assignment of liability, claims settlement, and enforcement procedures. The basic building materials are available in the five drafts presently before the U.N. Committee on the Peaceful Uses of Outer Space.

Not only would a treaty on the subject of liability be another important step in promoting the peaceful uses of space and the establishment of a regime of law, but it would also move to limit the side effects of the space debris problem.

Just as in the case of the terrestrial sphere, there is a need in outer space to leave a legacy of order for future generations. Protective measures against space junk pollution are an appropriate step to take now that the concept of the peaceful exploration of space for the benefit of all mankind has firmly taken root.

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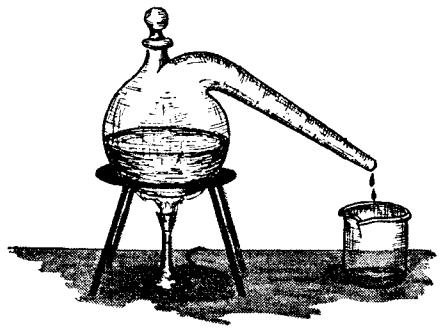
A controversy is brewing in Washington over chemicals added to what we eat; the report below tells the disconcerting facts.



DANGER OF CANCER IN FOOD

by JEAN CARPER

WASHINGTON, D.C.

The purpose of this report is to alert the American people to the fact that they are in danger of losing the only effective legal protection they have against the addition to their food of chemicals capable of causing cancer.

Congress wrote the now threatened safeguard into the U.S. Food, Drug and Cosmetic Act in 1958. Called "the Delaney clause," after its sponsor, New York Congressman James J. Delaney, this unique bulwark of the law says "no additive [to food] shall be deemed to be safe if it is found to induce cancer when ingested by man or animal or if it is found, after tests which are appropriate for the evaluation of the safety of food additives, to induce cancer in man or animal." Delaney drafted the clause in keeping with a recommendation adopted by the International Union Against Cancer at Rome in 1956.

The first public suggestion that attempts were being made to weaken or abolish the Delaney clause came last October, when most people were just becoming aware of the controversy over cyclamate, the artificial sweetener that had been put into soft drinks and foods in growing amounts for a half dozen years prior. Trouble had arisen because scientists under contract with Abbott Laboratories, a major maker of cyclamate, had conducted tests showing that when the sweetener was fed to rats the animals developed bladder cancers. With disclosure of this information, banning of cyclamate from food and drink became automatic under the Delaney clause.

This was a disastrous blow to West Coast food canners, who had just completed another season of cyclamate use. If the Delaney clause were to operate strictly, the entire year's crop would have to be withheld from the market.

The plight of the canners went unmentioned until later, when Food and Drug Administration officials were called upon by Congressional investigators to explain their behavior. Robert Finch, then President Nixon's Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, did not refer to it when he pointedly hedged his announcement that cyclamate would be banned from soft drinks and general purpose foods. In an appearance on the National Educational Network, he said he favored changing the Delaney clause to allow "safe levels" of cancer-producing additives in foods. The Delaney clause does not recognize any level of carcinogenic additive as safe.

Dr. Roger Egeberg, Assistant HEW Secretary for Scientific and Health Affairs, fell into line behind Finch. Egeberg declared his intention to continue to use cyclamate to keep his own weight down because he saw no danger in small amounts of the chemical. Subsequently he appointed an ad hoc "medical advisory committee" to determine whether cyclamate was beneficial in treatment of diabetes and obesity, and the committee recommended that cyclamate in certain dietetic foods be allowed on the market as a drug. The Food and Drug Administration (FDA), an agency of HEW, thereupon approved cyclamate's sale as a nonprescription drug after September 1, 1970.

So far as the outside world could see, the whole of FDA—the whole of HEW, for that matter—opposed strict enforcement of the Delaney clause in the case of cyclamate. However, insiders knew this to be untrue. The FDA staff had split on the question. At least as late as last December 5, the argument still proceeded through written memos. On that date, Alan T. Spiher, Jr., now assistant to the director of FDA's Office of Compliance, addressed Dr. Albert C. Kolbye, Jr., now deputy director of FDA's Bureau of Foods and Pesticides, on the subject of "modification of the anticancer proviso." The communication began:

> A proposed amendment to the Federal Food, Drug, and Cosmetic Act has been drafted. This modifies the so-called Delaney Clause to remove the mandate that no additive shall be deemed to be safe if it is found to induce cancer, and to replace it with a statement that no tolerance shall be established for an additive that induces cancer or any other serious effects on organ systems, unless the Secretary after consultation with experts by scientific training and experience, particularly with respect to the observed adverse effect, determines that the finding raises no substantial question of safety under the proposed conditions of use.
>
> *Philosophy of the Delaney Clause.* I am opposed to any attempt to water down the Delaney Clause at this time, and particularly in the manner suggested by the draft bill.
>
> That a significant attempt is being made to change the anticancer provision would appear to represent a serious misunderstanding of the intent of the law and the need for conservatism in protecting the public health. This law has been on the books for eleven years. Two years after its inception, Congress carefully studied the implication of the Delaney Clause. In studying this matter, the Congressional Committee considered seriously and at length each of the questions that are now being advanced as reasons why the Delaney Clause should be changed. In studying this matter, the Committee consulted a distinguished group of about eleven cancer experts provided by the NRC [The National Research Council, research arm of the National Academy of Sciences]. They were asked to respond individually to the specific question: "Do we think the Food and Drug Administration should set tolerances for carcinogens?" All were not in agreement, but the majority responded in the negative. The major reason for this was clearly that no expert was willing to say that a "no effect" level could be established for a carcinogen. The minority supported leaving the decision to FDA scientists clearly with the expectation that only in very rare and exceptional "border-

This is the first of several reports on a hidden aspect of our environment: chemical additives to the food we eat. Jean Carper, a free-lance writer, was co-author with Senator Warren G. Magnuson of Washington of the book *Dark Side of the Marketplace.*

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line" cases might FDA consider a finite tolerance.

The legislative change is being proposed without a study comparable to the previous one by Congress which resulted in the retention of the anti-cancer provision. No scientific breakthroughs have occurred in understanding cancer or learning whether there is in fact a finite level for a carcinogen below which no effect can be expected. No formally appointed group of cancer experts has been consulted.

On the contrary, increasing knowledge of our polluted environment and the stresses to which man is subject on all sides, along with our beginning to understand that cancer may be the body response to the total insult from all stresses, raise the serious question whether we should provide the opportunity for additional potent insults, albeit small in amount.

Because of the internal struggle, Finch had to fudge his department's intentions when he addressed the Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association last April 10. "We are going to introduce legislation . . . to strengthen and update the Delaney clause," he said. "I repeat and stress the point." Which way would the legislation go? "We could propose that the Delaney clause be extended to apply to irreversible effects in addition to carcinogenesis—to liver, brain, and heart damage, for example, and to mutagenesis (mutations in offspring) and teratogenesis (defects in embryos). And as a suboption we could propose that HEW might be permitted to set tolerance levels for all these substances where there is a compelling reason to do so."

Two months later, on June 10, an AP news dispatch interpreted Finch's ambivalence. AP quoted a confidential memo from Creek Black, Assistant HEW Secretary for Legislation, who attributed the legislative tactics to Surgeon General Dr. Jesse Steinfeld. The memo revealed that proposed extensions of tolerances not only for cancer but for other diseases were "designed to anticipate and counteract criticism that the Department is merely trying to weaken existing safeguards against harmful substances in foods."

In that same month of June, Congressman L. H. Fountain of North Carolina, chairman of the intergovernmental subcommittee of the House, conducted hearings to investigate the FDA. During the hearings he uncovered details of the cyclamate affair. He challenged FDA to show that cyclamate was either effective or safe as a drug. FDA could show neither. On the witness stand, its officials confirmed that they had acted on orders from higher-ups in HEW, partly to avoid imposing calamitous losses on fruit canners. The requirements of the drug law had been avoided by neglecting to ask the industry for evidence it was known not to possess.

At the end of the hearings, Fountain wrote to Finch's successor in the HEW secretaryship, Elliot L. Richardson:

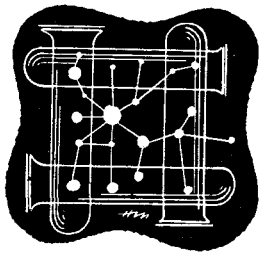
> I believe these orders (declaring cyclamate a drug) are not only ill-advised but illegal. The cyclamates were prohibited for public use under the Delaney amendment because they are a potential health hazard to the American people. The subcommittee's hearing record discloses that no benefits with regard to weight reduction have been scientifically demonstrated for the cyclamates. On the other hand, the scientific literature indicates that the ingestion of cyclamates may increase the risk of birth defects, genetic damage, and cancer. Further, it has been shown that cyclamates interfere with the desired effects of some drugs taken for the treatment of medical conditions, including the oral drug tolbutamide used by diabetics.

Fountain urged Richardson to "rescind the unlawful orders for cyclamates" and reminded him that "Congress never intended the act to be disregarded at certain times on the basis of executive whim."

Fountain was still awaiting reassurances from Richardson when consumer champion Ralph Nader's Center for the Study of Responsive Law filed a petition with FDA asking that cyclamate be totally banned as the law required. Three days later, FDA announced that foods containing cyclamate could not be marketed after September 1, 1970.

A side effect of the Fountain hearings in June was a focusing of general attention on the Delaney clause, which bars carcinogenic additives not only from human food but also from animal feeds unless the feeds do not "adversely affect the animals for which such feed is intended" and if "no residue of the additive will be found in any edible portion of such animal after slaughter or in any food yielded by or derived from the living animals."

Many months before the Fountain hearings began, Wisconsin Senator William Proxmire had received allegations from a former U.S. Department of Agriculture employee in California, Dr. John N. S. White, that some other evasions of the Delaney clause were even more flagrant than the cyclamate case had been. Specifically, White told Proxmire that a synthetic growth hormone, diethylstilbestrol (DES), known to be carcinogenic, was showing up in animal flesh intended for the human diet.



A year before Congress added the Delaney clause to the Food and Drug Act, it had been discovered that DES caused cancer in mice. At that time, DES pellets were being implanted in the necks of chickens to make the fowl grow faster and bigger. After residues of DES were found in the edible portions of chickens, use of DES in poultry was prohibited ten years ago. Dr. Roy Herz, who then was chief of the branch of endocrinology of the National Cancer Institute, made the following statement:

> Stilbestrol is known to produce a variety of tumors in several species after prolonged exposure . . . In rare cases cancers have developed in (human) patients after prolonged use of stilbestrol. . . . It is therefore desirable to eliminate the hazard, no matter how small the dosage, of continued consumption of this material in one's diet. . . .

In spite of this unequivocal warning from an acknowledged cancer specialist, beef cattle growers were allowed to continue feeding DES to steers. Today, three-quarters of the nation's beef supply comes from DES-stimulated animals. The reason for the practice is that the hormone causes a 10 to 16 per cent greater weight gain per volume of feed consumed by the cattle. The justification for the risk to the consumer is that if DES is withdrawn from cattle feed forty-eight hours prior to slaughter of the animals, no residue of the hormone will remain in the meat by the time it reaches the human consumer.

What Dr. John White told Senator Proxmire was that USDA meat inspectors had been finding residues of DES in meat intended for human consumption for half a decade. The Fountain hearings gave Proxmire's staff a timely opportunity to call White's complaints to the attention of AP reporter John Lang, who published quotations from a letter USDA had written to Proxmire in response to a query from the Senator. According to Lang's published account of the matter, USDA gave Proxmire the following percentage of cases in which DES residues had been found in beef livers:

1965—2.7 per cent
1966—1.1 per cent
1967—2.6 per cent
1968—0.7 per cent

When I asked Dr. Harold Trabosh, a USDA staff officer assigned to the DES

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inspection program, to confirm or deny the AP story, Trabosh replied that the AP figures were not entirely accurate. For one thing, he said, no data on DES residues were available until 1966. The record thereafter, he said, showed these incidences of hormone residue, all in beef livers:

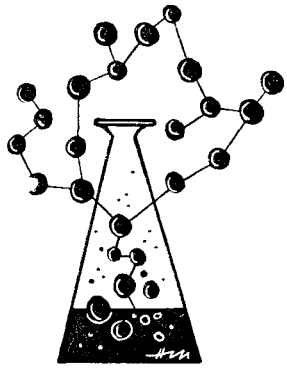
1966—none out of 207 samples taken
1967—13 out of 469, or 2.7 per cent
1968—4 out of 539, or 0.7 per cent
1969—3 out of 505, or 0.6 per cent

Whatever inaccuracies there may have been in the AP data were not substantial. Whether AP was correct in reporting that the use of DES had been outlawed in cattle as well as in poultry in Switzerland, France, and the Netherlands, I could not confirm. But I did discover that the tolerances allowed by the USDA sampling system are riskier than the low percentages might indicate.

Under the DES surveillance program, samples of meat are sent to a laboratory for analysis. If DES residue is found, the meat must be condemned. But it takes a month, sometimes more, before the laboratory reports come back and any condemnations can be made. Meanwhile, the cattle from which the sample was taken have been slaughtered and marketed. Dr. James Stewart, another USDA staff officer with the DES project, explained that in practice enforcement consists of tracing a residue back to the grower of the cattle from which it came. The next time he markets cattle, they cannot be approved for marketing until after the sample has been analyzed. Dr. Stewart conceded that thousands of cattle containing DES may be marketed and eaten under this system.

Couldn't all animals be sampled before slaughter? Dr. Stewart replied: "It would cost more than the Vietnam War."

It is not the USDA but the FDA that has responsibility for invoking the Delaney clause. FDA can act only on advice from USDA inspectors. Dr. C. D. Van Houweling, director of FDA's Bureau of Veterinary Medicine, told me USDA does not always find cattle growers who are selling animals with DES residues because records are not that complete. Dr. Van Houweling said that most DES residues are due to failure of cattle growers to observe the forty-eight-hour withdrawal period before slaughter. His official position, as he stated it to me, is that small amounts of DES are not harmful to humans. "There are some real advantages to using it, and I don't think at these very low levels there is any danger," he insisted. Referring to a letter from a man in California who claimed he got cancer of the colon from eating



meat contaminated with DES, Van Houweling commented: "I don't think there is any more chance he has cancer from eating DES than I can jump from here to the moon."

In the three years since he learned of the DES residue in beef, Dr. Van Houweling said, he has begun an intensified "educational program" to get the cattle industry to control the use of DES. If illegal residues continue to show up, he said, the FDA may have no recourse but to ban DES. But he is not willing to set a timetable for that action. In any event, he believes, "we can never prevent all residues of DES from occurring." He believes further that people would rather eat a little of a carcinogenic chemical than pay the extra 20 per cent cost of beef which he estimates would be incurred if DES were totally banned.

Apparently, Dr. Van Houweling's view is the FDA view. For, under a strict reading of the Delaney clause, residues of DES, a known carcinogen, are clearly illegal. But Ray Geremia, press officer for FDA Commissioner Charles C. Edwards, has told me that he was authorized to state that FDA has no plans for prohibiting use of the hormone.

The obvious purpose of the Delaney clause is to take away all discretion from FDA concerning food additives capable of causing cancer. The appearance of *any* cancer-causing substance is sufficient cause for the clause to be invoked. An often heard argument against the clause is that sufficiently high dosages of nearly any chemical will prove carcinogenic. A November 3, 1969, editorial in *Chemical and Engineering News* phrased the argument well: "Raise dosages high enough and make test conditions severe enough and a vast number of chemicals will likely prove to be cancer inducers, even though they are perfectly safe in anything like normal use." A new scientific study, published just last June by Bionetics Research Laboratories of Litton Industries under contract with the National Institutes of Health, contradicts this widely held point of view. When 120 chemical compounds were fed to mice at the highest doses the animals could tolerate and yet survive, 75 per cent of the chemicals did not cause any significant rise in tumors.

Because it seems to preclude decisions based on scientific opinions and judgments, the Delaney clause has been assailed as unscientific. Such criticism was voiced at last year's White House Conference on Nutrition and Health by a number of conference participants, including many from the food industry. But Dr. Umberto Saffiotti, associate scientific director for carcinogenesis at the National Cancer Institute, vigorously disagrees. He contends that the Delaney clause allows much room for the exercise of scientific judgment. He points out that cancer experts must determine whether the additive in question did in their judgment induce the cancer. To make that determination, he notes, cancer authorities must consider the validity of the tests.

Dr. Saffiotti was one of the cancer experts who reviewed the Abbott Laboratories' data on cyclamate and subsequently recommended that cyclamate be banned as a carcinogen of unknown potency. After HEW, in announcing the ban, stressed that there was "absolutely no evidence to demonstrate in any way that the use of cyclamate has caused cancer in man," Dr. Saffiotti observed that the absence of evidence of human harm is irrelevant and can be misleading: "We would not expect to have any evidence. Cyclamate has been in widespread use only since 1963, and it takes at least 15 to 20 years for cancer to develop. If cyclamate had been such a potent carcinogen that it would have already caused a detectable rise in cancer in the last six years, we would find ourselves in an epidemic of incredible proportions."

According to him, the weight of scientific opinion throughout the world still opposes establishing any "safe" doses for carcinogens, because no one knows how little of a carcinogen it takes to trigger cancer at the cellular level, and the effects of the small levels of carcinogens we are exposed to daily through air pollution, pesticides, radiation, smoking may be cumulative.

"We have produced no evidence there is a safe dose of a carcinogen," he declares. "Exposure to cancer-producing agents . . . shows that the tissue which is exposed acquires *new* susceptibility. The tissue stores the damage, so to speak, so that even with low levels of a carcinogen, if the cells are exposed to additional insults, the damage can add up so you reach a level where a tumor develops. All of this gives us a situation in which we cannot assume that low-level exposure to carcinogens may be insignificant."

Dr. Joshua Lederberg, Nobel Prize-

(*Continued on page* 57)

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An Optimistic Outlook

TECHNOPOLIS: SOCIAL CONTROL OF THE USES OF SCIENCE

by Nigel Calder

Simon & Schuster, 376 pp., $7.50

Reviewed by Edwin Newman

THERE IS NOW a lively competition in books about the environment and how to save it. For a start, a respectable number of forests might be saved if the books were forgone. However, some of them are worth the paper they are written on, and if Nigel Calder's does not lead all the rest, it does pull together, in a somewhat rambling fashion, a great many things we all should know, and it does try to see where we are going.

Strictly speaking, *Technopolis* is not about the environment as such. It is a survey of the state of science and technology, of our control of them, and of their control—actual and potential—of us. Calder is an optimist; he believes that science and technology will not take command and that they will not fall into the hands of those who want to impose nothing but order and uniformity on the rest of us.

His sunny outlook rests on such notions as these: that technology is competitive, but research is international and collaborative; that "science, innovation, and application are human activities subject to human decision"; that such problems as pollution, using the resources of the ocean bottom, and experimental weather changing and climate modification will require international cooperation, and soon; and that "world government will develop—not in an idealistic leap, but by accretion of activities and institutions, many of which already exist." It is Calder's view that "nations will find their purposes for existence emptied into the international pool."

So—world government. But who will have the power? According to Calder, it will lie with "the Mugs," his term for "tender-minded scientific conservationists," dovish, skeptical, prudent, iconoclastic. They will have rivals, "the Zealots," who are "tough-minded, technological opportunists," hawkish, convinced, bold, and authoritarian, whose comic-strip hero would be Superman, rather than the Mugs's Charlie Brown.

Why the Mugs? Because "it is scarcely credible that the well-informed, research-trained, interconnected communities of the foreseeable future should tolerate men in power who want power for its own sake, who have simple-minded theories of society, or who seek to profit from the differences between men. The wind of learning and self-knowledge will topple them. Their fall will not end the search for new ways of life; it will merely allow it to begin in earnest." In short, knowledge purifies.

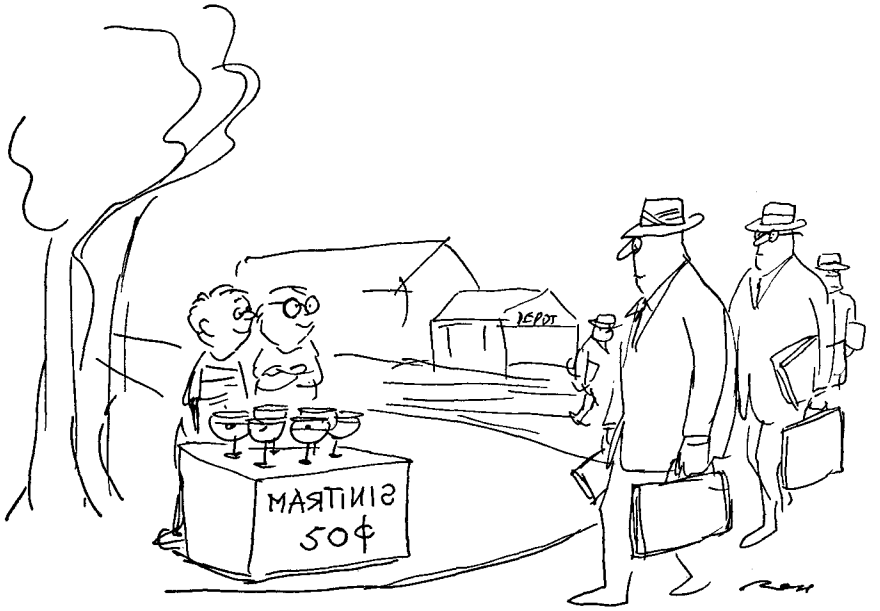
There are corollaries of all of this. Politics will continue, though the subject matter will be different, essentially deciding the kind of future we want to have, with the virtual certainty, thanks to what the computers will be able to tell us, that we can have it. Political power will be decentralized by electronic loops and computer networks that will allow instant consultation of the people by their governments. Bureaucracies will fade away, and governments will get their information and advice from outside sources, principally industry and the universities. In fact, the elite will be in the universities, and they will be "the parliament of renewed democracy."

It is a pretty picture, and it appears to rest as much on faith as it does on any substantive proof that can be adduced. Still, it is not inherently illogical. If knowledge does not bring wisdom, a great deal of life is an inexcusable waste of time, and it is not outrageous to believe that if men are led to see the dangers of what they are doing, they will avoid them. Calder starts from a happy premise—that as a system for "sorting the sound from the unsound, the brilliant from the pedestrian," science works superbly well, "with much greater speed and general good humor than any other modern social system." He also takes comfort from the fact that "people are accustomed to be told what they should not do, but are rightly more resentful of instructions about what they should do." This last is a mighty safeguard, and, if anything, Calder understates it. There is increasing evidence that people nowadays also ignore strictures about what they should not do; at times, it appears that the dire prospect is not regimentation but chaos.

I have necessarily skipped Calder's observations in individual fields, and I regret this, because he has interesting things to say about scientists as government advisers, space and the wastefulness of what we are doing there, and genetic manipulation, which promises to be a mare's nest. There is a striking passage on why the Czech attitude on science so alarmed the Russians and thereby played its part in bringing on the invasion and the ouster of Dubček.

Still, it seemed wiser to take the larger argument, not least because it is quite cheerful, and that opportunity does not come along often.

Calder's style should be mentioned. It is straightforward but flat. He says, on page 29, that "if the *Sputnik* did not exist, the Americans would have had to invent it." I would almost be willing to have all writers under computer domination if that phrase could be programed out.



Edwin Newman is an NBC News correspondent. He anchored the network's coverage of Earth Day and was host and narrator this spring and summer on the NBC environment series "In Which We Live."

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WHY DO PEOPLE MOVE?

Analysis of that question demonstrates why population redistribution alone is not enough.

by PAUL R. EHRLICH and JOHN P. HOLDREN

Americans awakening to the realities of population pressure now find themselves being reassured by eminent wishful thinkers that it's all a matter of how the people are distributed. Such a contention is predicated upon a misapprehension of which aspects of the population/environment situation are critical, and it simplistically assumes that growth rate and distribution patterns are independent quantities. Also implicit is the notion that redistribution is "easy," as compared with facing up to population growth itself.

The recently released report of the Presidential Commission on National Goals did not escape these pitfalls; it identified distribution as the major population problem in the United States, and implied that its resolution would render continued population growth and quality of life in America compatible. The time is therefore appropriate to examine some of the relevant arguments.

The average population density of the United States is about fifty-five persons per square mile of land area (roughly the same as the world average), as compared to five persons per square mile in Canada, 960 per square mile in the Netherlands, and 75,000 per square mile in Manhattan. The figure for the Netherlands is occasionally offered as "proof" that the U.S. and the world as a whole are hugely underpopulated; the fact that the Netherlands is self-sufficient in practically nothing, relying on a more sparsely populated world to supply her with resources, is overlooked. More generally, such population density figures are misused to argue that only urban areas have population problems (suggesting that congestion, heavy smog, and sewage disposal problems are the only symptoms of overpopulation recognized by those who so argue).

Unfortunately, the human-carrying capacity of a nation or a continent is, in general, limited by such factors as the quality of the soils, the availability of water and mineral resources, and the ability of the environment to absorb without lasting damage the effluents of agricultural and industrial technology. Vast amounts of surface area may be uninhabitable, uncultivable, or simply very disagreeable places to live.

The most compelling indicators of world overpopulation today include the stress on food supplies, the rapid depletion of many high-grade resources, and the threats to the viability of life-giving environmental systems. The first problem is largely independent of population distribution, as are the most serious components of the third. As we suggest below, all would most probably be *aggravated* if population distribution were made more uniform. With regard to resources and environmental threats, of course, the overdeveloped countries are the prime offenders.

Consider the following largely "distribution-free" problems. Measurements at such diverse locations as the mid-Pacific, the Caucasus Mountains of the Soviet Union, and Davos, Switzerland, indicate that atmospheric dustiness is increasing by perhaps 30 per cent per decade. This global blanket of dust, much of it of agricultural origin, poses a serious threat to the climatological balance, and thus to world agriculture itself. Residues of chlorinated hydrocarbon pesticides are now found everywhere, including in the fat of Antarctic penguins and in the Greenland icecap. It has been estimated that by the year 2000 one-third to one-half of the average daily fresh water runoff of the United States will be flowing through steam-electric power stations, to be warmed by 10 to 20 degrees Fahrenheit in the process. (This thermal impact will occur regardless of where in the United States the generated power is consumed.) Liquid fossil fuels are being burned at rates that would exhaust estimated world reserves in well under a century, undermining preferable uses for these large molecules in lubrication, in the production of plastics, and in protein culture. These difficulties and a host of others depend on how many people there are and what they consume, but not in a major way on how they are distributed.

There are, of course, serious problems that *are* related to population distribution, including most familiar urban ills. Like many of the difficulties we face, these will not be cured simply by stopping population growth; direct and well-conceived assaults on the problems themselves will also be required. Such measures may occasionally include some redistribution of population, but the enormous difficulties and costs of this approach should not be underestimated. People do not move to cities because of a perverse intention to add to the problems of their society. Their reasons include convenience, economic necessity, or desire for agreeable surroundings. Areas that are uninhabited or sparsely populated today are presumably that way because they are deficient in some of the requisite factors. The remedy for these deficiencies—for example, the provision of water and power to the wastelands of central Nevada—would be extraordinarily expensive in dollars, energy, resources, and probably environmental havoc (will we justify the rape of Canada's rivers to "colonize" Nevada and Utah?).

Moving people to more "habitable" areas, such as the central valley of California or, indeed, most suburbs, exacerbates another serious problem —the paving-over of prime farmland. This is already so serious in California that if current trends continue, about 50 per cent of the best acreage in the nation's leading agricultural state will be destroyed by the year 2020. Encouraging that trend hardly seems wise with an inevitable prospect of shrinking per capita food supplies over the next decades.

Whatever attempts may be made to solve distribution-related problems, they will be undermined if population growth continues, for two reasons. First, population growth and the aggravation of distribution problems are correlated—part of the increase will surely be absorbed in urban areas that can least afford the growth. Indeed, barring the unlikely prompt reversal of present trends, *most* of it will be absorbed there. Second, population growth puts a disproportionate drain on the very financial resources needed to combat its symptoms. Economist Joseph Spengler has estimated that 4 per cent of national income goes to support our 1 per cent per year rate of population growth in the United States. The 4 per cent figure now amounts to about $30-billion per year. It seems safe to conclude that the faster we grow, the less likely it is that we will find the funds either to alter population distribution patterns *or* to deal more comprehensively and realistically with our problems.

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Denver's Larimer Square—"a new kind of historic preservation."

SAVING OUR LANDMARKS

In the battle to protect worthy old buildings, some developers successfully mix profit with preservation.

by WOLF VON ECKARDT

If dingy downtown Denver comes to life again, it will not be because of the urban renewal bulldozers that are leveling twenty-six city blocks of neglected Victorian buildings to make room for expensive elevated plazas, skyscrapers, and parking garages. What attracts all kinds of people to downtown Denver at all hours is the one block of Larimer Street that has been saved and restored to much of its long-lost gay and boisterous glory.

The restoration of Larimer Square, as it is now called, was done by private enterprise in a new kind of historic preservation or, rather, historic building development. The project was launched by Mr. and Mrs. John Crawford and their associates, who invested $1.8-million to turn eighteen worthy, century-old buildings into a downtown center with seven cafés and restaurants, twenty shops, three art and antique galleries, offices, and a theater. Their architect, Langdon Morris, has skillfully preserved the exuberant old facades and the Old West, Victorian spirit of the complex. But he has unified it with arcades and sunken plazas that put the building basements to use, and he has adapted the old buildings to modern requirements. What with the landscaping, gas lamps, and self-consciously arty signs such as YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE and LOKSTOCK 'N' BAREL, the place, to be sure, is jazzed up a bit. But it is in good taste. It is essentially authentic. And it makes money—an average of $100 per square foot a year, which is twice as much as the national average for suburban shopping centers.

Business is also good in other similarly developed relics of our architectural heritage. Some exceptionally profitable examples are San Francisco's Ghirardelli Square and "Cannery," the first built around a renovated old chocolate factory, the second around an old warehouse; the completed section of Philadelphia's Head House Square on Society Hill with its restored 1745 market hall; and Georgetown's Canal Square in the District of Columbia, which incorporates pre-Civil War buildings. It seems that developers who recklessly tear down the historic buildings and squares that give our cities a sense of place, of ambience and historic continuity are missing the boat. Planeloads of tourists travel to Europe every year in search of just that. There is a caveat, however. Superficial cuteness, artificial antiquing, and Disneylandizing of the old won't work. St. Louis's much-touted "Gaslight Square" went dark—an economic as well as an esthetic failure. "Adaptive historic preservation," as James Biddle, president of the National Trust for Historic Preservation, calls it, requires creative sensitivity and knowledgeable concern.

There is undoubtedly more concern over preservation now than there was in 1846, 1848, and 1850, at which times Congress rejected the proposal that the government acquire and protect Mount Vernon. George Washington's estate was finally rescued by the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association, and wealthy ladies are still busy saving historic American houses only to turn them, more often than not, into pathetic little museums. But as we become increasingly disenchanted with a throwaway culture that designs buildings meant to last no longer than their mortgages, there are an increasing number of public efforts to protect our cultural inheritance, to strike a balance between the old and the new "so that the past can explain and enrich the present environment," as Joseph Watterson, chief architectural historian of the National Park Service, put it.

In 1966 Congress passed the National Historic Preservation Act, a well-meaning but rather feeble law. It says that all historic structures and places of significance should be registered as the first step toward their preservation. But even that first step often falters when visions of profit get in the way. The District of Columbia Landmarks Committee, for instance, considers worthy of preservation the Franklin School, a marvelous Victorian building in which Alexander Graham Bell made his historic first telephone call. The property is worth $1-million, however; so the District government "forgot" to enter it with the federal registrars. The conservationists, who would like to turn the building into a museum, are not likely to come up with all that money. Neither is the government. And there's the rub.

Even when officially registered as landmarks, old buildings often are considered by all levels of government as well as the courts to be guilty of standing in the way of progress, which is somehow always related to financial gain. Too often, when "progress" threatens a landmark, conservationists and other aroused citizens must not only raise Cain but also considerable funds in order to save it.

The law ensures the right to defend the past but provides no means of keeping it alive. A comprehensive national Historic Building Survey that was started as a make-work project by the New Deal during the Depression lists more than 10,000 structures. By 1963 some 30 to 45 per cent of them (there are no funds even for an exact body count) had been demolished, according to the National Trust. It remains to be seen whether the New National Register will do any better.

The 1966 Act does, of course, enjoin federal government agencies involved in such activities as urban renewal and highway building, and local agencies using federal funds for those pur-

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poses, to be considerate of landmarks. But only a week after fourteen historic buildings in Lexington, Kentucky, were put on the register, urban renewal officers considered it best to let their bulldozers charge in. By the time the conservationists obtained a temporary injunction, two of the houses were destroyed. In the end, after several court appeals were lost, all the houses were destroyed. The judges ruled that the Preservation Act is not retroactive; if an urban renewal project was planned before its victims were registered, they are doomed. Unfortunately, about half of the current urban renewal projects in the country were planned before the Act was passed, as were most federal highway programs.

This continuing preservation crisis endangers not only nice old houses in the Lexingtons of America but also important landmarks that give our large urban centers what character and identity they have. The charming 1875 Pavilion Hotel on the green adjoining the state capitol in Montpelier, Vermont, for instance, has been on death row, as it were, for years. The building, a survey found, could well provide the space for offices the legislature needs and at less cost than a new office building. The legislature, however, seems indifferent to the building's fate. Nor do local, state, and federal legislators seem to care much about preserving the U.S. Mint building in San Francisco, the old post offices in St. Louis and Washington, D.C., the Stock Exchange in Chicago, or the *Delta Queen*, the last remaining Mississippi riverboat, to mention just a few of the great historic treasures that have been embattled for years and could easily be restored and adapted for profitable new use and general enjoyment.

This is not to say that the 1966 Act is entirely ineffectual. It has given important new impulse and some funds to the National Trust, a quasi-official organization that guides and coordinates the preservation battle throughout the country, as well as to the National Park Service, which, all told, probably saves, restores, and maintains more historic treasures and does more to enhance the quality of public life in America than any other government agency. The Act also established the Presidential Advisory Council on Historic Preservation, which proved sufficiently prestigious to win the twenty-year-long battle of New Orleans against the highway builders. The ultimate decision to withhold federal funds from that long-contested highway project, which would have badly damaged the old French Quarter, was, however, made by Transportation Secretary John A. Volpe. But Mr. Volpe does not seem inclined to rule in favor of America's culture in the many instances that have never come before the council. As one editorial writer put it, the Department of Transportation still appears to be hell-bent to make the concrete clover leaf our national flower.

The best hope in the urban jungle, at any rate, is that business is beginning to discover that there is profit in historic preservation. Ghirardelli and Larimer squares are important signposts. And New York City has set a precedent with an ingenious new zoning device that enables the owner of a landmark building to realize the potential profit on his land without tearing down the building. This is how the scheme works, according to Frank B. Gilbert, who helped invent it for the New York City Landmarks Preservation Commission:

Suppose a landmark building contains 20,000 square feet of floor space and that a 100,000-square-foot building is permitted on that site. To reduce the temptation to tear down the old building, the new zoning resolution permits the owner to sell his unused 80,000 square feet to a developer who wants to erect a new building in the immediate vicinity of the landmark. The landmark owner thus gets his money, the new building developer gets his money's worth of extra space, and the zoners haven't lost anything either, because the permissible number of people in the zoned area remains the same.

The first such transfer of development rights already has saved a group of picturesque mid-nineteenth-century buildings known as Amster Yard on 49th Street between Second and Third avenues. The new zoning is also likely to save the U.S. Customs House in lower Manhattan, south of Wall Street, and possibly Grand Central Station. And it promises to turn Manhattan's South Street Seaport, now a dismal slum, into a new public delight that will recapture the atmosphere of nineteenth-century New York. That eleven-block area, just south of the Brooklyn Bridge, includes the Fulton Fish Market, a variety of old houses and commercial buildings, and several blocks of crumbling warehouses. They will all be restored, given new life and amenity, and a new maritime museum will also be built, largely with the money made by selling the air rights over the buildings.

If the idea of historic preservation and renewal catches on—and several cities are studying it now—the past will benefit the present not just with sentimental abstractions but with practical hard cash. That, it appears, is the way to get things done in America.

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FUTURE ENVIRONMENTS OF NORTH AMERICA
F. Fraser Darling and John P. Milton, editors

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Earth Watch

World-Wide Environment Notes

Speedup for Patents

WASHINGTON.

THE WELCOME mat is out at the U.S. Patent Office for inventions designed to improve the environment. Ordinarily, patent applications are handled on a first-come, first-served basis and processing takes up to thirty months. But antipollution devices clearly marked as environmental improvements are being given special priority that has shortened the time between receipt of application and granting of a patent to about six to eight months. The speedup was put into effect in February in response to a Presidential directive.

At the last accounting in mid-July, preferential treatment had been given to 122 applications, and six patents had been approved but not yet issued. The Patent Office, a bureau of the Department of Commerce, receives about 100,000 applications a year and grants more than 60,000 patents.

Union Bargains over Pollution

DENVER.

LONG CONCERNED about the effects of pollution on its members, the Oil, Chemical and Atomic Workers International Union hopes to involve industry in an antipollution drive. When negotiating contracts this fall, the union will demand that oil companies deposit 0.1 cent per barrel of oil refined into a jointly administered health and safety fund to sponsor research into control of in-plant and exterior pollution caused by the industry. The research would be carried on at a university.

Ban on Bottles and Cans

SILVER SPRING, MD.

THE SALE of beverages in cans and nonreturnable bottles has been banned in 26,000 acres of parkland in two suburban Maryland counties bordering on the District of Columbia.

The ban was put into effect August 1 by the Maryland National Capital Park and Planning Commission. On that date vending machines, which formerly dispensed soft drinks in cans and one-way bottles, were removed from parks in Prince Georges and Montgomery counties. Beverages are now sold only at snack bars and only in paper cups.

A two-month educational program also was begun to inform the public that starting October 1 picnickers and others bringing cans and nonreturnable bottles into the parklands will be liable to a $100 fine, or thirty days in jail, or both.

In a similar move, the city council of Bowie, in Prince Georges County, passed an ordinance forbidding the sale of beer and soft drinks in nonreturnable containers after April 1, 1971. The ordinance carries a penalty of $100 for violations. The council vote was 6-1 on soft drinks and 4-3 on beer.

Environmental Fun and Games

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

TWO NEW ADULT board games for the environmentally aware have hit the market—Smog and Dirty Water. Both are designed to acquaint players with the complexities of pollution control and provide practice in making the trade-offs necessary in real life, while, of course, having fun.

Smog players are elected officials responsible for the quality of air in their communities. As they move along a "Decision Tree," they deal with zoning, finances, population and industrial growth, and personal popularity. "Outrageous Fortune Cards," drawn after every turn, confront them with such frustrations as automobile exhaust, incinerator smoke, high-sulfur-content fuels, and contamination from neighboring communities. To win, a player must earn 2,000 "Management Credits," gained, he inevitably learns, only by use of suitable abatement techniques.

In Dirty Water the players are water pollution control commissioners responsible for stocking a lake surrounded by industries and residential developments. As they round the board, the commissioners land on "Pollution" triangles and must cope with industrial effluents, thermal pollution, phosphates, herbicides, pesticides, detergents, sewage, and overpopulation of aquatic organisms. To further complicate matters, all the lakes on the board are connected by rivers and one player's pollution can travel downstream to plague his competitors. Winning requires establishing a complete food chain in a lake from bacteria through algae to fish.

The games were devised by Urban Systems, Inc., a research and engineering think tank staffed largely by scientists, which has worked on solid-waste disposal and water pollution research for the government.

Land Rescue

ARAVAIPA, ARIZ.

DOWN PAYMENT of $75,000 has been made by the Nature Conservancy on a twenty-two-square-mile "ecological gem" in Pinal County about seventy miles northeast of Tucson.

The 15,028-acre site, in the Galiuro Mountains, comprises Aravaipa Canyon and surrounding mountain and open land, an area noted for its rare and diverse wildlife. Among the animals in the region are the golden eagle, falcon, and more than 140 other species of birds. Also found are the puma, peccary, deer mouse, mule deer, desert cottontail, ring-tailed cat, bobcat, and coyote. The Aravaipa Creek, which cuts through the canyon, is the habitat of such endangered fish species as the spikedace and the loach minnow. And the only known maternity colony of Mexican big-eared bats is found along the walls of the canyon.

The Nature Conservancy, a privately supported national organization in Arlington, Virginia, devoted to the preservation of ecologically and environmentally significant land, will maintain the site as a nature sanctuary. An anonymous donor contributed the funds for the down payment. The Conservancy plans to launch a fund-raising campaign soon to provide an additional $1,250,000 needed to complete payment on the land, establish an ecological study program, and cover the salary of a full-time ecologist.

Recording Radiation Incidents

WASHINGTON.

A Radiation Incidents Registry has been set up within the Environmental Control Administration of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare to record cases of injury caused by exposure to radiation from electronic products.

The registry was recently established in accordance with provisions of the Radiation Control for Health and Safety Act of 1968, which charged the Secretary of HEW to set the standards for electronic product radiation safety. Incidents involving the manufacture or

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use of such equipment as X-ray machines, lasers, microwave ovens, television receivers, and diathermy units will be recorded and analyzed. The literature, which already documents 130 incidents of overexposure with injuries to about 200 persons, will be reviewed. Most injuries involve skin burns, cataracts, and certain blood disorders.

It is hoped that the registry will provide information useful in identifying target areas where standards may need to be more stringent. The standard for permissible exposure to microwaves, for instance, is lower in Sweden and the Soviet Union than in the United States.

Japanese to Desalt Sea Water

TOKYO.

JAPAN IS facing a serious urban water shortage, brought on by the combination of industrial growth and population concentration. To help solve the problem, the government is planning to construct a large-scale desalination plant where the mass production of fresh water from Pacific Ocean water can be tested.

The experimental plant is expected to turn out about 100,000 tons, or approximately twenty-four million gallons, of fresh water a day at a cost of about 8 cents a ton, a saving of half a cent per ton over water now taken from rivers and streams and purified by conventional means. The salt and other minerals recovered in the process will be marketable by-products.

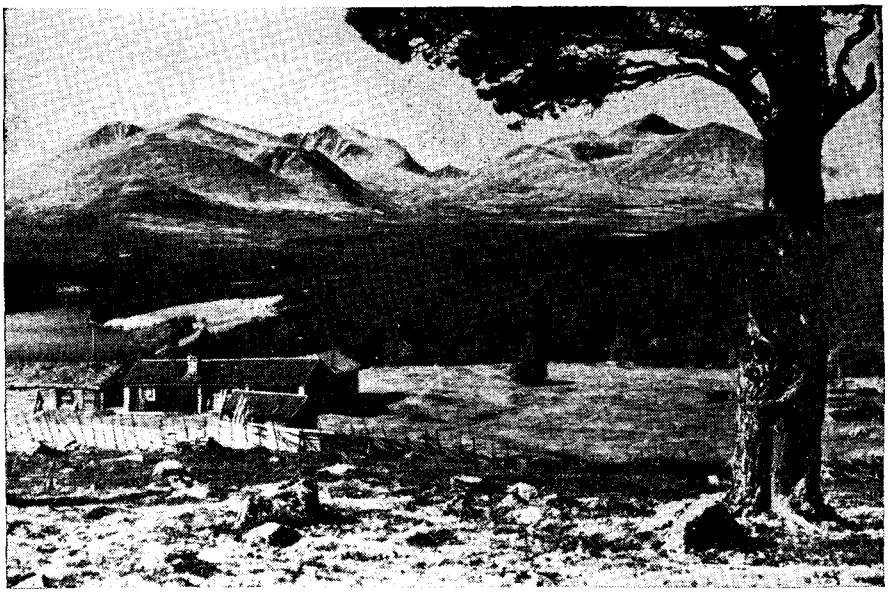
The plant will cost about $14-million and is expected to be operational by 1975, when the country's water crisis may become acute. If the pilot plant is successful, even larger desalination plants will probably be built, including one with a daily capacity of up to one million tons of fresh water.

Europeans Act on Pesticides

STRASBOURG, FRANCE.

THE Council of Europe has endorsed a voluntary program for the control of pesticides. Fifteen member governments agreed on the need for stricter checks on the manufacture, marketing, and use of the compounds, and the necessity for warning labels on individual products listing the hazards they might present to plant and animal life. The council also recommended that any laws passed embodying controls should provide penalties for infringement. It is now up to the individual countries to draw up implementing legislation.

Two member nations that have large chemical industries, Switzerland and the Netherlands, did not endorse the program.



Norway's little-known northern regions—set aside as national parkland.

Wildlife Parks for Norway

OSLO.

KING OLAV V has signed a bill creating the country's first four official national parks. Located in Norway's northernmost provinces and bordering on the Arctic Ocean, the parks contain mountain peaks, glaciers, waterfalls, Europe's largest ice field, and a pine forest that stretches to the Soviet border. Reindeer herds roam the area freely, and musk oxen—holdovers from the Ice Age—abound. Inexpensive lodges have been built for nature lovers.

The Mediterranean as a Model

PARIS.

MORE THAN twenty countries, including such traditional antagonists as Israel and Syria, and the United States and the Soviet Union, will cooperate on an international research program concerning the Mediterranean Sea. The project is under the auspices of the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization.

A UNESCO spokesman said the Mediterranean had been chosen because it can be used as "a big natural model" of the world's oceans, which cover 71 per cent of the globe.

Dozens of research ships and hundreds of scientists will take part in the project. Researchers will gather data on the Mediterranean's temperature, saltiness, chemical composition, and currents (a controversial subject since recently being branded as pollution carriers).

The scientists also will investigate the ecology and behavior of fish and other forms of marine life, and compile data on the geological composition of the seabed.

The program will be supervised by the seventy-nation International Oceanographic Commission set up by UNESCO in 1961.

German-Thai Algae Project

BANGKOK.

WEST GERMANY and Thailand have begun a joint project to cultivate and process protein-rich algae as a food on a mass scale.

Initial experiments conducted at the Carbobiological Research Station in Dortmund, West Germany, have demonstrated that fast-growing, single-cell algae can be collected, dried, and made into a powder that provides the basis for nutritional soups, crackers, and other foods. The bright green powder has been tested successfully as nourishment for hospital patients suffering from protein deficiency. The algae used contain 51 per cent protein and all the basic amino acids.

Under the two-nation agreement, Dortmund scientists will work with Thai scientists at the Institute of Food Research and Product Development in Bangkok to determine whether the single-cell algae, which originate in European fresh waters, can be successfully cultivated in the tropical climate of Thailand. The scientists also hope to establish acceptability criteria that would stimulate the production and consumption of algae food. Multiple-cell algae, or fresh water weeds, already are used as food in parts of northwest Thailand.

The West German government will provide more than $300,000 in technical aid to support the experiments in Thailand. The project is expected to run three years. —SALLY LINDSAY.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 41: sublet, bustle, bluest, bluets, subtle.

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Letters to the Environment Editor

Transport Taxes

JOHN LEAR is to be commended for his concern for improved mass transit, reflected in his editorial "The Road-Tax Rebellion" [*SR*, July 4]. But he does the cause no good by confusing two related but distinct issues: the need for mass transit and the source of funds for mass transit.

The income tax is one of the few nonregressive taxes available to the federal government and the states. It should bear the main burden for improving present and developing new transportation systems. A balanced and excellent transportation system is the responsibility of all the citizens of the United States—not just the responsibility of those who presently consume motor fuel.

FOSTER H. SHANNON,
Immanuel United Presbyterian Church,
San Jose, Calif.

JOHN LEAR'S editorial almost but not quite gets to the basic issue: Are taxes earmarked for special purposes justifiable?

In this country, we have generally thought so. Congress has just levied an 8 per cent tax on airline passenger tickets with the object of raising money for improving airways and airports.

State and federal gasoline taxes amount to 30 to 40 per cent of the retail price, a considerably stiffer tax than the airline passenger pays.

The "transportation crisis," to which Mr. Lear refers, is real. Transportation Secretary John A. Volpe says we must double our national transportation capacity in the next twenty years. Mr. Lear is correct, we believe, in his position that better use can be made of bus and rail transportation. But he seems to think that we can handle the crisis simply by redistributing governmental transportation expenses, switching from highway programs to other transportation programs. This won't wash. The crisis is bigger than that.

The complaint that some general funds are used for highway construction at the local level seems to me to be a red herring, inasmuch as about $2.5-billion of highway-user funds are used for nonhighway purposes.

RANDOLPH RUSSELL,
Director of Public Relations,
American Road Builders Association,
Washington, D.C.

Mr. Lear replies: Having in mind the Vietnam War's wasteful drain on public spending for all constructive purposes, I proposed that "a logical beginning" toward solution of the transportation crisis could be made by shifting taxation emphasis away from road building. I did not suggest that gasoline taxes should bear the whole burden of railway and bus line reconstruction subsidy. There was no red herring in my figures. More than two-thirds of local government spending for highways comes from property taxes and general funds; in 1968, only $1.7-billion of roughly $5.7-billion of federal highway-user taxes (and not a cent of the annual $4-billion in the federal highway reserve fund, which pays 90 per cent of the cost of interstate highways) was spent elsewhere than on roads.

More on Drinking Water

THE ARTICLE "How Safe Is the Nation's Drinking Water?" [*SR*, May 2] listed Scranton as one of eighty-four cities with substandard drinking water systems.

A minimal amount of research would have revealed that the computer readout furnished by the federal Bureau of Water Hygiene was based on a water sample obtained from an outlet on railroad property in Scranton. This one watering point, due to infrequent use in watering railroad passenger cars, contained iron in excess of USPHS allowable limits. Any water, in any city, that stands in a pipe that is infrequently used would give a similar reading. Since the railroad discontinued passenger service, the watering point is abandoned and has been removed from the USPHS list.

To imply that because of this, the entire city's water supply is substandard is unfair and not true. We are particularly upset because the city of Scranton takes great pride in having one of the most abundant supplies of good-tasting, safe water in the entire nation. Our city laboratory is also one of the most modern and efficiently run operations in existence and is approved by both the state of Pennsylvania and the USPHS for testing water samples.

RICHARD L. HUBER, M.D.,
Director, Department of Public Health,
Scranton, Pa.

THE ARTICLE on drinking water refers to Rome, New York, as being one of those cities with substandard drinking water systems.

The article was correct as far as the facts available would indicate. However, I have a letter from the Department of Health, Education and Welfare indicating that the city of Rome does not have this classification and that there was a "goof" by the federal offices concerned.

As it has come to our attention that at least one industrial prospect was concerned enough about this to inquire, we would appreciate any statement you might make.

ANDREW J. RYAN,
President,
Rome Area Chamber of Commerce,
Rome, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The Cincinnati office of the federal government's Bureau of Water Hygiene, which supplied the computer readout, says that the Scranton watering point was on the USPHS list when the article in question appeared and that to its knowledge both the watering point and the city of Scranton received their water from the same source. The Scranton watering point was removed from the USPHS list on May 20.*

The office also confirms that it made a mistake in the case of Rome, which was given an approved rating on June 5.

Misleading Threat

GORDON RATTRAY TAYLOR made a number of interesting, though in some cases misleading, points in "The Threat to Life in the Sea" [*SR*, Aug. 1]. Included was a quote from a paper by Dr. Berkner claiming that if pesticides should reduce the supply of diatoms, "we might find ourselves running out of oxygen."

Mr. Taylor may wish to revise this currently popular misconception in light of a very recent paper by Professor Wallace Broecker of Columbia University (*Science*, 168, 1537, 1970). Professor Broecker claims that "molecular oxygen is one resource that is virtually unlimited" and remains unaffected by alterations of photosynthetic rates. This conclusion is supported by some interesting numbers. For instance, while it is true, as Mr. Taylor points out, that diatoms supply 70 per cent of the Earth's supply of oxygen, this, along with the remaining 30 per cent from land vegetation, accounts for only about 0.013 per cent of the total oxygen reserves in the atmosphere. Further, this new supply of oxygen is completely utilized by plants and animals; thus, no change results in the total oxygen in the atmosphere by this mechanism. Similar arguments are used to demonstrate the large oxygen reserves in the seas. These arguments are not applicable to fresh waters, where in some cases real oxygen depletions exist. In short, the real danger exhibited by pesticides is to food resources and not to the oxygen supply.

Professor Broecker concludes his article with the hope that, once properly informed, the popular press will "bury the bogeyman it created" and get on with facing those real and serious problems about which we should be concerned.

JOHN J. MCCOY,
Boothwyn, Pa.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Other recent scientific reports also support Professor Broecker.*

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Danger of Cancer in Food

Continued from page 49

winning geneticist, not only supports the Delaney clause but argues that it should be broadened. His position is that any food additive found to cause mutations or defects in human or animal embryos should be automatically banned. Eventually, he says, "as we develop better theories of and experimental models for other chronic diseases like hypertension and atherosclerosis, these, too, would be covered." Michigan Senator Gaylord Nelson has introduced legislation that would extend the effect of the Delaney clause in that general direction. In *The Chemical Feast*, the book James Turner wrote for the Nader's Raiders group that studied FDA, a similar advocacy appears.

Perhaps the most persuasive argument against repeal of the Delaney clause was made in the Alan Spiher memo quoted earlier in this report. The words Spiher used were these:

> There seems to be some confusion in assessment of the relative risk from carcinogens and from ordinary chemical toxicants in our food supply and in the environment.
>
> A no effect level can be developed in animals for a chemical toxicant, and the relative risk of translating this information to man can be assessed. If an error occurs and the allowable dietary level produces toxicity in man, the offending agent can be removed and the deleterious effect is reversible and complete recovery is expected.
>
> In the case of carcinogens, mutagens, and teratogens, we have a drastic difference in the result of any miscalculations. If cancer, terata, or mutagenic changes are induced, these are irreversible—no recovery is possible; even if the offending agent is removed from the diet, the damage is done. Malignant cancer will develop, a malformed infant will be born, or a gene defect will be transmitted to the next generation.
>
> Under what conditions will it be possible to say that there is an additive which is so needed in our food supply that *any* risk of one of these effects is acceptable? My children would have to be in more than highly theoretical danger of starving before I would want *any* risk.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1 d, *(The) Man of Property*. 2g, *(The) Time Machine*. 3f, *Call It Sleep*. 4h, *To the Lighthouse*. 5b, *Breakfast at Tiffany's*. 6c, *(The) Red Badge of Courage*. 7e, *The Man Without a Country*. 8a, *The Education of Henry Adams*.

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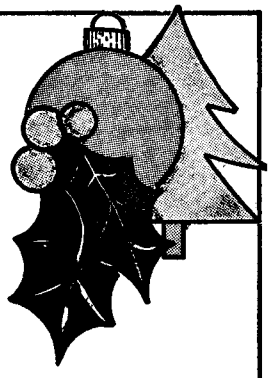

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Arensberg and Duchamp

Continued from page 37

thought of his host, but what Walter thought of his guest was more than clear. Duchamp was the spark plug that ignited him.

And the same was true of Katherine Dreier, another Duchamp devotee and collector, who likewise was mesmerized by him. Years later, he took me to visit her in Milford, Connecticut, where for the first time I saw *The Large Glass.* Miss Dreier called him Dee and was a bit peremptory with him, but hung on his every word. Driving back to New York, Duchamp discussed collectors and their frustrations, wondering aloud whether their possessions were not actually a form of "Ready-Made" art. Surely Walter Arensberg's were. His own vast store of creativity had somehow been diverted; yet, I can recall no one, except perhaps an occasional painter or sculptor, who could immerse himself so deeply in art, understand it so clairvoyantly, and discuss it so hypnotically. Suspicious, ambivalent, acquisitive, inquisitive, urbane, scholarly, alternately drunk with delight or opaque with doubt, Walter Arensberg is a memory difficult to expunge.

All of which brought him to mind when I recently visited the Philadelphia Museum of Art to see Duchamp's last incredible work of art. How Walter Arensberg would have appreciated it. Everything he prized is there: a disquieting ambiguity, an overlay of meanings, eroticism in its fullest sense, secrecy, paradoxes, irony, and always the unexpected. But possibly secrecy is the cornerstone of this new work, a three-dimensional, mixed-media assemblage called *Etant Donnés: 1°la chute d'eau, 2°le gaz d'éclairage,* which, when translated, roughly means "Given: 1 the waterfall, 2 the illuminating gas." Dealing with many aspects of the life forces that drive us, *Etant Donnés* was secretly conceived and carried out by Duchamp over a period of twenty years, from 1946 to 1966. For a long time he had been advising artists to go underground; he scrupulously took his own advice. Viewers can only see this work separately. One looks through two deliberately uncomfortable holes to find a complex and exquisitely crafted world, a world of illusion and reality, a world of theory and tangibility, a world of philosophy and Eros, a world of secret meanings and erogenous frankness, a world Walter Arensberg would have loved, and a world any intelligent member of the twentieth century should see and ponder.

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Furnished/Unfurnished

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MAINE—Wooded acreage, starting at $40 per acre—also all forms of real estate. FRANKLIN REALTY CO., 44 Main Street, Farmington, Maine 04938. Tel. Office 207-778-2852 (Mr. Barrows).

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440,000 ACRE WILDLIFE XANADU. Forested estate in upstate peninsula of Florida. $5,227. Write: Xanadu Box 184, Lake Bluff, Illinois 60044.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1900

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Comedy by Machiavelli	78 99 104 113 132 161 186 228 37 40
B. A pleading on behalf of one in trouble; mediation	55 67 75 88 107 116 135 153 165 197 237
C. Cuvettes	17 29 52 64 82 92 109 115
D. Scrubbed with a type of sedimentary rock	126 142 213 50 54 91 110 118 139 145
E. Smog-control devices	170 175 199 226 8 22 98 155 189 192 39
F. Indicating this "attraction," Barnum got people to leave his museum.	60 71 108 178 187 204 12
G. Having common sense (comp.)	48 73 15 18 81 102 114 133 163 180 196
H. Reverend in "The Importance of Being Earnest"	96 2 14 68 106 176 214 232
I. Composer (1792-1868) of "Stabat Mater"	21 27 79 105 127 148 203
J. Inescapable	212 219 3 49 149 166 205 207 224 93 117
K. Large ratite bird	131 177 183 206 6 147 194 72 140
L. Dignified (comp.)	13 35 156 61 97 124 152 167 220
M. French surrealist painter (1900-55) who became an American citizen	229 36 46 193 209 53
N. Cruel exercise of authority	86 128 150 181 200 84 112 215 9 25
O. Yours truly (2 wds.)	31 154 85 179 20 185 28 59 77
P. Lively Spanish dance in triple-time	125 223 238 41 58 90 7 30
Q. Secretly (used esp. of a cardinal appointed by the pope but not named in consistory, 2 wds.)	42 121 129 157 172 235 66
R. Any commonly recognized text or version of a work	19 184 225 32 47 101 23
S. The Tarquinii, for instance	33 38 191 221 123 56 62 159 173
T. One of the three main groups of marine organisms	11 94 120 168 231 4 45 198
U. Elderly admirer of Musetta in "La Bohème"	103 141 234 44 171 70 130 201 158
V. Descriptive of some sharpers' coins (comp.)	122 211 143 76 95 218 74 16 169
W. Intricacies, peculiarities (3 wds.)	57 216 136 230 111 119 188 10 137 208
X. "When I would do good, ———with me." (3 wds.; Rom. 7:21)	24 63 69 100 236 190 51 87 83 182 164 210 227
Y. Combination of lights and darks as used in Japanese art	34 146 134 233 222
Z. "—— is death, and death will have his day," says Richard II. (2 wds.)	1 138 80 5 151 195 160 26
Z¹ Supplying with material requisites	162 43 174 65 144 89 202 217

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

				1 Z	2 H	3 J		4 T	5 Z	6 K		7 P	8 E	9 N	10 W	11 T	12 F							
13 L	14 H	15 G	16 V		17 B	18 G	19 R	20 O	21 I		22 E	23 R	24 X	25 N		26 Z	27 I	28 O						
	29 C	30 P	31 O	32 R	33 S	34 Y	35 L	36 M	37 A		38 S	39 E	40 A	41 P	42 Q	43 Z¹	44 U	45 T						
46 M	47 R	48 G	49 J	50 D		51 X	52 C	53 M	54 D	55 B	56 S	57 W	58 P	59 O	60 E		61 L	62 S						
63 X	64 C		65 Z¹	66 Q	67 B	68 H	69 X	70 U	71 F	72 K	73 G	74 V		75 B	76 V	77 O	78 A	79 I						
80 Z	81 G	82 C	83 X	84 N		85 O	86 N	87 X	88 B		89 Z¹	90 P	91 D	92 C	93 J	94 T	95 V	96 H						
97 L	98 E	99 A	100 X		101 R	102 G	103 U	104 A		105 I	106 H	107 B	108 F	109 C	110 D	111 W	112 N							
113 A	114 G	115 C	116 B	117 J	118 D	119 W	120 T	121 Q	122 V	123 S		124 L	125 P		126 D	127 I	128 N	129 Q						
130 U	131 K	132 A	133 G	134 Y	135 B	136 W		137 W	138 Z	139 D	140 K		141 U	142 D	143 V	144 Z¹		145 D						
146 Y	147 K	148 I		149 J	150 N	151 Z	152 L		153 B	154 O	155 E	156 L	157 Q	158 U	159 S	160 Z		161 A						
162 Z¹		163 G	164 X	165 B	166 J	167 L	168 T	169 V	170 E	171 U	172 Q	173 S		174 Z¹	175 E		176 H	177 K						
178 F	179 O	180 G	181 N	182 X		183 K	184 R	185 O	186 A	187 F	188 W	189 E	190 X		191 S	192 E	193 M	194 K						
195 Z	196 G		197 B	198 T	199 E	200 N	201 U	202 Z¹	203 I	204 F	205 J	206 K		207 J	208 W		209 M	210 X						
211 V	212 J	213 D	214 H	215 N	216 W	217 Z¹		218 V	219 J	220 L		221 S	222 Y	223 P	224 J	225 R	226 E							
227 X	228 A		229 M	230 W	231 T	232 H		233 Y	234 U	235 Q	236 X	237 B	238 P											

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 6 of this issue.

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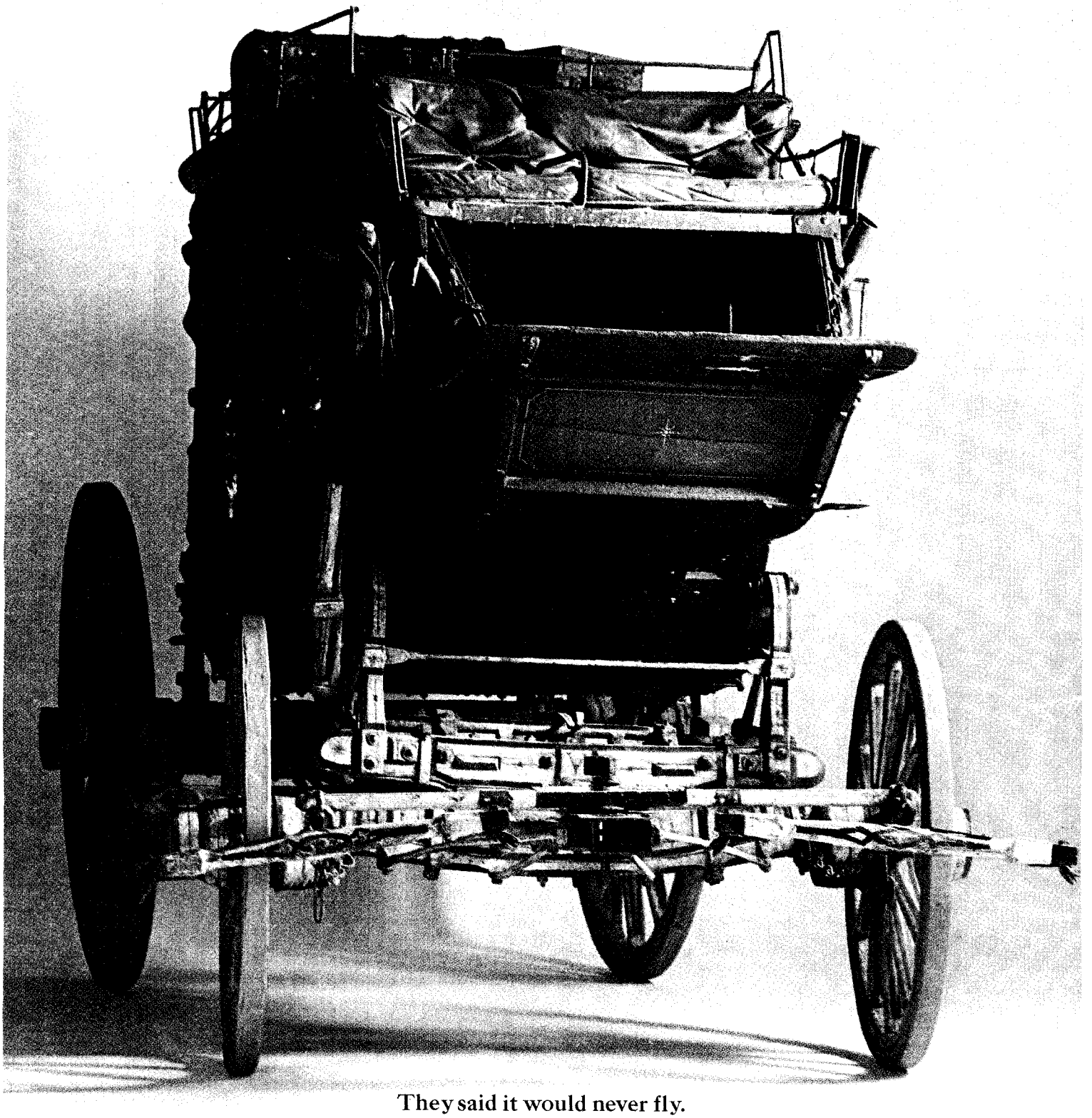

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Wells Fargo Bank

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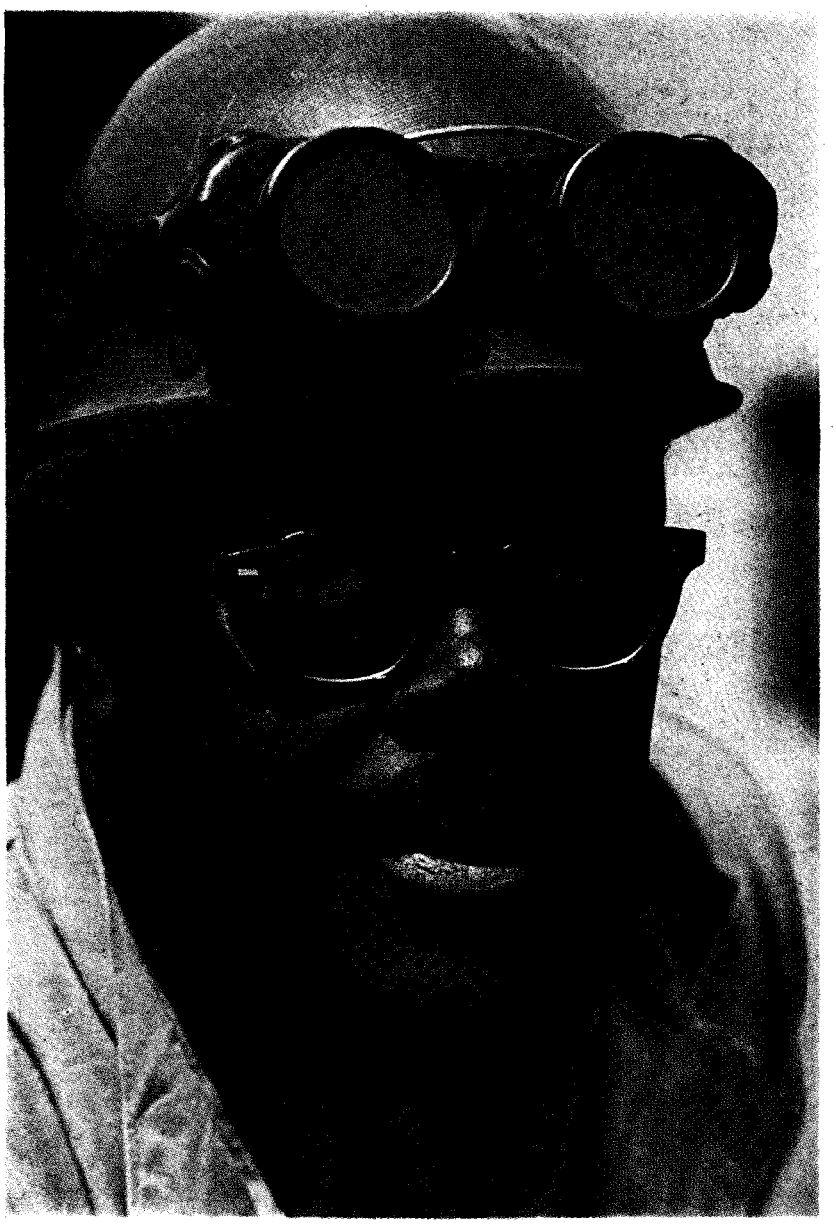
Andrew Cato graduated from high school last year–at age 37



Andrew Cato is a repairman at our steel plant in Sparrows Point, Maryland.

When he was 16 years old, he had to quit high school and go to work. But he never lost his desire to get a high school education.

Last year, at the age of 37, he realized his ambition: the State of Maryland presented him with his high school diploma.

Andrew Cato is one of more than 100 Bethlehem Steel employees who have completed the high school equivalent course. By making this effort, they equip themselves with the basic skills needed to take advantage of training and job opportunities.

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BETHLEHEM STEEL

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